THE ENEMY

CHANNING POLLOCK

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To Dr Meyer
with warmest
regards
Channing Pollock

THE ENEMY

THE ENEMY

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

CHANNING POLLOCK, 1880 -

AUTHOR OF "THE FOOL," ETC.

"His purpose was to show how like ourselves were creatures we should have called contemptible; how like ourselves they thought and felt, and how they regarded us; and so to show us ourselves through their eyes"—William Dean Howells with reference to "Gulliver's Travels."

NEW YORK

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To

MY WIFE

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FOREWORD

(A criticism published in *The New Haven Register* of Tuesday, June 2, 1925.)

Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was directly responsible for the abolishment of slavery. Chekhov, Andreyev, Tolstoi and Dostoevski did more to rid Russia of Romanoff oppression than all the Red armies ever could. And unless the whole world is so blind it simply will not see, Channing Pollock is going to do more toward the realization of universal peace than Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points, the League of Nations, the World Court, and a dozen assorted Geneva conferences. For in his new play, "The Enemy," performed for the first time at the Shubert Theater last night, he preaches a sermon more vital, more moving, more potent than anything the theater has ever known.

When I was 12 I heard Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson deliver Mark Antony's oration from "Julius Cæsar," and almost stopped the performance by trying to join the avenging mob. At 21 I shouldered a rifle and went out with my neighbors to fight "for democracy —a war to end war." But last night I cried like a baby and only with the greatest effort refrained from standing up and shouting, "Stop! Torture me no

more. I see the truth at last: There is but one enemy and that is hatred. Mistaking that for patriotic duty, I have killed fellow men and on my body are scars inflicted by another who made the same mistake. But it can never happen again. Now we understand."

The four acts of "The Enemy" take place in Vienna in June, 1914; August, 1914; March, 1917, and June, 1919; the characters are a little group of "the enemy" during the crises of the Great War, and after. And as their lives and emotions are given substance on the stage, it is seen that the fabric of their being differs from ours only in the woof of language and the warp of geography. The patterns are identical.

"The Enemy" will be condemned by professional soldiers whose jobs are at stake; it will be sneered at as pacifist propaganda by politicians whose only hold on the public is its willingness to be spellbound by empty oratory and frenzied flag-waving; it will be frowned upon by mawkish pedagogues whose dogma includes a daily salute to the flag; it will be ridiculed by smart, young critics and jealous fellow playwrights as theatrical hokum. But wherever it is played it will make people think; and when people begin to think, the hatred of nations will dissolve into its own shadow, and armies and navies will go the way of moats and palisades.

This is, perforce, but a meager suggestion of the mechanics of the play. Mr. Pollock has been five years crystallizing his theme into the definite boundaries of a conventional four-act play. Obviously its story can-

not be retold in a ten-minute review. But the play itself may be seen at the Shubert all this week, interpreted by an excellent company. Wise playgoers will see it without urging; to those who only think they are wise, I address this advice: You need "The Enemy" more than you can ever know until you have seen it.

PIERRE DE ROHAN.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

My mental gestations are protracted; I carry an idea a long time before it is developed sufficiently for birth. Piles of memoranda made at various periods since early youth clutter my desk, and, in progressive stages of germination, the seed of every play I have written is to be found in all its predecessors.

Conceived before I was out of my teens, "The Enemy" had three fathers . . . two clerical gentlemen and a general. The first of the clerical gentlemen was Jonathan Swift. A newspaper reporter in Washington, I was surprised at the suddenness and absence of apparent reason with which the Spanish-American War began . . . and was ended. Over-night, almost, some pleasant Sevillians of my acquaintance became "dirty Spaniards," and then again pleasant Sevillians. Nothing in particular had happened to account for either metamorphosis. One of our battleships had blown up, but no one knew then who did it . . . nor, for that matter, I believe, knows now. We had a certain sympathy for the Cubans, and for the Filipinos—those of us who had ever heard of them—but it wasn't for that we became imbrued with hatred of all Spaniards

. . . including my Sevillians. Somebody thought of a flaming phrase, "Remember the Maine!" and we went to war for that slogan exactly as we go to buy cigarettes because somebody says, "Your Nose Knows!"

As aforesaid, I was young; I hadn't read Kent's Commentaries, and didn't understand that, by becoming an enemy, a man—"as well as his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts" . . . became "a criminal and an outlaw." Twenty years later, some of my surprise and resentment crept into the original draft of "The Fool," and a bit remained when that play was published. (1922. Page 149.) While surprise and resentment were still new, I became acquainted with Swift, and my wish to protest took form . . . the form of "Gulliver's Travels." I was impressed by the fact that Swift's feeling about war antedated mine by some two centuries, and much more impressed by the method by which he gave us his view through alien eyes. While Dewey was still a hero, I noted: " 'Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as others see us.' See 'Gulliver's Travels.' One-act play, to be called 'The Enemy,' in which we hear *their* opinion of *us*, and find it exactly like *our* opinion of *them*. Also, that *they* are like *us*, and fighting *us* for the same reasons we fight *them*. 'The Enemy' has three meanings: (1) The obvious one. (2) The ironic twist of that; i. e., that the enemy are really very nice people. (3) The real enemy is hate. The scene should be night on a battlefield."

This last sentence is where my general came in . . . Napoleon observing that "the causes and consequences of war are not to be found upon the battlefield; neither is the battlefield where wars are suffered and determined." We had a flood of war plays, while we were remembering the Maine, and, nudged by Napoleon, I noticed that their compass somewhat restricted our vision; that one can get or give no more wide and general view of war by going to the front with the leading man than one could get or give of the Alps by settling down at Basle. I decided that I should show the enemy *in their homes* . . . but I knew nothing of Spanish homes, and the Spanish war afforded no background of great suffering and determination.

From 1914 to 1919 my conception grew. I wrote a good deal of propaganda, and did a good deal of public speaking, and I collaborated in the authorship of one conventional "war play" . . . "The Crowded Hour." Articles, speeches, and play were pretty full of hatred, and of "outrages" . . . the latter straight from Washington. In 1920, I began doubting that many of these were as "straight" as I had thought them. Father Francis P. Duffy, "The Fighting Chaplain," dined with us one evening and amazed me by saying that "the Germans were the cleanest and best fighters I saw in Europe." Only his record saved us from a row that night. Father Duffy didn't believe in "outrages," except such "excesses" as occur when "men of all kinds, including the lowest, are turned loose, drunk with blood

and hate"—and a few of our own perpetration upon helpless aliens quartered in our midst. I was to learn later that all our most terrible tales had been told, with ourselves as their villains, in Vienna and Berlin.

Meanwhile, my wife and constant collaborator, had written a one-act play, called "Courage," much in the spirit I had intended, and, in 1920, on my way to Egypt, I met my second clerical gentleman, and dear friend, Dr. Peter Klotz, in whose monastery of St. Peter, at Salzburg, in 1924, I was destined to begin the actual writing of "The Enemy." Dr. Klotz was a scientist, an anthropologist, and, if he had opinions about war, he didn't express them, but he had seen much of what followed the struggle in Austria, and was on his way back from Australia with help for starving Vienna. Here, then, was my background, and there, on the deck of a French steamer bound for Palermo, I decided to seek in Vienna the fruition of the seed planted nearly thirty years before in Washington.

When I returned home, in 1921, I talked a good deal of "The Enemy," and found hosts of fretted friends eager to dissuade me. They were still eager three years later . . . six years after the war . . . when I brought back my crowded note books from Austria. They warned me that I should be charged with being a "pacifist." My son, who had fought in France with the Eleventh Field Artillery, furnished me with Pauli's retort: "We are all pacifists now . . . especially the soldiers." Solicitous relatives feared

worse accusations; specifically that of being "pro-German" . . . but Carl Behrend anticipated that dreadful taunt, and went ahead with his play. Honest authors cannot afford to be afraid. When they begin to be fearful, they cease to be honest authors.

With "The Enemy" nearing completion, however, I witnessed a motion picture that surprised me by its timidity. The picture was called "Isn't Life Wonderful," and adapted from a short story by an officer in the British Army . . . Major Geoffrey Moss . . . whom I had met in London. Major Moss's work might have stirred up pity for the post-war Germans . . . and what more disloyal than pity? . . . but the picture director had got around that by making his characters Polish. And there were other concessions of the cinema sort. A portrait of the Kaiser was duly torn to pieces, and trodden under foot, and we were reminded that the hero had been drafted and *compelled* to fight . . . which, on our side, would have made him anything but a hero. However, as Behrend remarks in my play, "That's different." Personally, I couldn't see any better reason why a German shouldn't fight for Germany than why an American shouldn't fight for America, but I said, "Griffith is probably right; people who like 'movies' *can't* have a sense of humor" . . . and let it go at that.

Judge my amazement, a week later, to find in a theatrical newspaper (*Variety* of April 1, 1925) that, when the film was shown in London, people walked

out of the theater, resenting it as "German Propaganda!" On this account, I have been warned afresh not to publish or produce "The Enemy." But if my information is correct, *more than ever* I want to publish and produce "The Enemy," but with one alteration. In the last line of the play, instead of asking God to give us peace, I should ask him to give us fairness, and sanity, and a little bit of common sense! . . . Oh, well, anyway, in these days, a play with a thought in it isn't likely to succeed in London! Or, anywhere else, for that matter! . . . One doesn't write for *success!*

"The Enemy" I believe to be faithful in fact and spirit. For both, I am indebted to so many essayists and historians that it would be idle to enumerate them. As aforesaid, most of my notes were made, and much of my writing was done on the ground. So far as I know, there are only two evasions. The complete collapse of the Austrian crown did not occur until some time after the period covered by my play. Since this collapse obviously was one of the effects of the war . . . one of the most important and outstanding effects . . . I considered, and consider, myself justified in moving the event within the compass and limitations of a work designed to show these effects. After my second act had been finished, my friend and colleague, Leopold Arndt, of Vienna, who gave my Professor his name and me incalculable assistance, wrote that I had been mis-

informed as to the method of mobilization; that only private soldiers were notified, as I have notified Carl, by post. These two slight discrepancies of chronology and military procedure seem to me less important in point of *fact* than their elimination would have been in point of *truth.*

Finally, I make no apology for the seriousness of the play, or the number and quality of its discussions. Long ago I made up my mind that if a man who has spent thirty years in the theater can do nothing better than turn cart-wheels to amuse an idle crowd he had better get out of the theater. Neither do I apologize for melodrama. All life is melodrama; certainly that part of life which we call war. I can report life only as I see it and feel it . . . and, even without the wish for success, I have no wish to write messages that reach no one except pedants and professional critics. Half a dozen of the latter . . . notably one in Chicago, one in Boston, and one in New York . . . found "The Fool" "cheap hokum." They continued to find it that, even while it was being studied in dozens of universities and commented upon in hundreds of pulpits. They may have been right. The fact remains that, in its various forms . . . as acted and published play, novel, serial, motion picture and illustrated lecture . . . what I had to say in "The Fool" has reached or is reaching more than a hundred million people in every "civilized" country in the World. If this pronounce-

ment gets to one hundredth of that number, I shall not have striven in vain.

CHANNING POLLOCK.

SHOREHAM, L. I., April 15th, 1925.

THE ENEMY

The cast of "The Enemy," as presented for the first time on any stage, under the management of Crosby Gaige, at the Shubert Theater, New Haven, Conn., June 1, 1925:

THE ENEMY

Produced by Robert Milton

THE PERSONS

(In the order in which they speak)

CARL BEHREND ..... WALTER ABEL
PAULI ARNDT ..... FAY BAINTER
BARUSKA ..... ALICE JOHN
BRUCE GORDON ..... LIONEL WATTS
AUGUST BEHREND ..... GEORGE NASH
JAN ..... HAROLD VERMILYE
DR. ARNDT ..... HARRY DAVENPORT
MIZZI WINCKELMAN ..... MIRIAM HOPKINS
KURT ..... DONALD HUGHES
FRITZ WINCKELMAN ..... JOHN WRAY

The action takes place in the Arndt flat in Vienna

ACT I.—June 1914.
ACT II.—August 1914.
ACT III.—March 1917.
ACT IV.—June 1919.

During Act II. the curtain will be lowered to indicate the lapse of several hours.

The song, "We're Going to Rush the Russians," composed by Reynell Wreford.

THE ENEMY

ACT I

THE SCENE: *Two rooms—the living and dining rooms—in the Arndt flat in Vienna. It is important that both seem warm and comfortable. The walls are red denim above a dark wood wainscoting, broken by bookcases, also of dark wood . . . mahogany, or cherry, or walnut in the dark, old-fashioned coloring. The denim is of a shade not too light—such as used to be employed by artists for backgrounds upon which to hang pictures. Of these there are any number—fifty, or more—of all shapes and sizes; chiefly oil paintings, good, but not too good; in many cases the work of friends of the owner. The essential two are a fairly large "Judas," hanging on the back wall, and a small nude on the wall down L. Also, there are three or four canvases conspicuously Spanish, and, in the dining-room, engravings and dark-toned reproductions of the Parthenon, the Coliseum, and the Arch of Trajan.*

The outline of the two rooms is as follows:

Down R. is a window looking into a courtyard. The backing of this window shows the wall outside the main hall, to which there is an entrance on the stage just

above the window. Perhaps another window in this backing permits a vague view of the hall. Up-stage of the window R., the interior wall obliques sharply, so that the audience practically faces the door in the center of this wing. It is a solid, old-fashioned door, with a big, old-fashioned lock, and a slot for letters, covered—inside—by a wire basket into which they are meant to fall. The bell outside this door rings off stage L., but very sharply.

In the middle of the flat is a large opening, with heavy double sliding doors, which, when open, give a generous and detailed view of the dining-room, which is quite as important to the action as the living-room. On either side of this opening, and facing us, are the bookcases already mentioned. There is a door, which we do not see, inside the dining-room, L., giving entrance to the interior hall, and the rest of the flat. There are two large windows, which we do *see, and, as far as possible back of them, a drop showing upper floors of houses across the street. Up-stage L., is a door leading into the interior hall. Down-stage is a tiled stove, of the kind common in Germany.*

The old-fashioned chandelier hangs pretty well up-stage, and too high to be of much practical value, but a wire has been dropped from it to a reading lamp upon a small, circular table underneath. There are brackets in the dining room, and a bracket between the window and the door R. From this, a wire to another reading lamp, which sets upon a solid, old-fashioned, roll-top

*desk. Upon this desk a litter of papers, a book, a sewing basket and a telephone. Also a newspaper. On top of it a small geographical globe, and—*VERY IMPORTANT*—a rather large standing frame, which now contains a photograph of* BRUCE GORDON, *above which is draped a small, silk English flag. Beside the desk, a dictionary stand, and, in front of it, an exceedingly inviting and comfortable chair.*

In the dining-room, between the windows, is a side-board—a small one—with dishes, and several pieces of cut glass, arranged upon doilies of linen or coarse lace. Also, a set of beer-mugs. An oblong dining table—if possible, with a little shelf at either end—decked with a blue-and-white checked cloth, and partially set for a festal meal. On top of the bookcase, on stage, L., is a good-sized and rather fine marble reproduction of the Winged Victory. Also, conspicuously, a tobacco jar and several pipes.

Such furniture as is not strictly necessary to the action is of the period when "sets" were popular. A sofa, perhaps, and a couple of arm chairs upholstered in tapestry or dark velvet that shows signs of having been used for years. Double curtains at windows. Outside curtains of Nottingham lace, draped back with heavy white cord and tassels. Inside curtains of figured scrim ecru ground with red figure, or mixture of these two tones. These curtains work by a pulley arrangement, so that they can be open during the day and closed at night. A light cotton damask in red, the

same color as the walls, might serve instead of the scrim. The dining-room curtains have blue figures. The floor is covered by a rug or "drugget" of plain red wool carpet, or inexpensive brussels with red ground and a small pattern. The center table is covered by one of those non-committal pieces of material that can not be described, but that are seen in so many middle-class households.

Three things are conspicuously true of this flat. It is middle-class; it is inexpensively but most cheerfully, tastefully and comfortably furnished, and it is European. There is nothing costly or luxurious, and nothing new or very modern. There is *everything to suggest a busy, devoted, highly-cultured family, including men who read and smoke, and women who know how to make home of a house. Also, there are evidences of literacy, taste, and a sense of beauty—magazines, bowls of flowers, books, plaster casts, small wood-carvings, household accounts and account books . . . enough to suggest a place that is much lived in, but not enough to suggest a museum. The sort of rooms that might be occupied by the kind of people you are about to meet.*

At Rise: *Noon on Sunday, June 28th, 1914. Sunshine floods the two rooms, but is felt nowhere more than in the neighborhood of little* Pauli, *who, seated in front of the desk R., is dividing her attention between* Carl *and a basket of homely darning.*

Pauli *is twenty-four, pretty, rather fragile, and, reaching womanhood very early in life, has become a*

mother, without actually bearing children, through the long illness and eventual death of her own mother. Varied and numerous tasks sit lightly upon PAULI, *who is given to singing whenever occasion permits, and whose general brightness and optimism have become a family jest. Deeply in love with* CARL, *long friendship has brought her to taking his presence and affection more or less for granted, so that her feeling reveals itself in maternal warmth rather than in any amorous inclination. Moreover,* CARL *has made no formal proposal.* PAULI, *happy in their comradeship, is vaguely unsatisfied, but quite unworried . . . quite sure that all will be well in good time—the Lord's—and* CARL'S. *Dressed now in her Sunday best, she has protected that attractive, but practical attire with an even more practical, and no less attractive house-apron.* CARL BEHREND *is exactly* PAULI'S *age, and ever so much more youthful. He is extremely good-looking, and gay, with a gaiety easily and quickly clouded.* CARL, *in fact, is a poet, and one feels that laying bricks for a livelihood, or stoking an engine, would not make him anything else. He is quite dependent upon, and subject to* PAULI—*he would always be dependent upon and subject to someone—but his gentleness and sensitiveness, with their faint suggestion of effeminacy, do not conceal the quality and courage of the lad . . . any more than grace and nerves show a race-horse inferior to a dray-horse. While he had one,* CARL *was his mother's boy; now, without quite realizing it, he is* PAULI'S.

CARL *has been reading to* PAULI *a scene from his play. The manuscript, in long-hand, lies on the table up C., but, carried away by emotion, he has forgotten it, and has been acting, as he describes the end. His voice is heard, as the lights go down in the auditorium; before the curtain starts upward.*

CARL

The old man says: "I know all this can't have been for nothing!" As he says it, we hear the child soldiers . . . the real soldiers of tomorrow . . . giving him the lie. In the shadows, the men stare at each other, aghast. [*The curtain rises.*] And then, suddenly, the sun re-appears, streaming through that window, as it did here this morning . . . you see, I've really taken this room for a pattern . . . and Pauli . . .

PAULI

[*Ecstatic*]: My namesake!

CARL

. . . stands in the glory. From across the courtyard comes the roll of drums, but Pauli . . . exalted, prophetic . . . only lifts her head higher . . . looking *past* tomorrow into a new day . . . and in a ringing voice cries . . .

BARUSKA

[*Entering L.*]: Fraulein, the onions! [BARUSKA *is a buxom, laughing Bohemian maid-servant, under thirty,*

and her grotesque interruption bewilders both CARL *and* PAULI.]

PAULI

[*Dazed*]: What are you saying?

BARUSKA

No onions . . . for the goose.

PAULI

[*Beginning to laugh—joined by* CARL, *who has slowly come back to earth*]: Baruska! I gave them to you!

BARUSKA

When?

PAULI

Yesterday . . . when I came from market.

BARUSKA

[*Rapping her skull as she joins in the laugh*]: Woodenhead! I'll look again! [*She exits.*]

PAULI

Just as you reached the fine moment!

CARL

[*Gathering his manuscript*]: That's life! Just as we reach the fine moment . . . [*Struck with sudden doubt, he halts action and sentence.*] Pauli, you *do* think it's a fine moment?

PAULI

[*With great sincerity*]: Yes.

CARL

It came to me the other day because Kurt . . . across the hall . . . he is always asking for a drum. All my characters are just us . . . in different circumstances—nice little people, caught up in a great whirlwind of hate—puzzled—never knowing whence, or why, or whither—until they are dashed to pieces . . . You get that?

PAULI

[*Reflecting*]: Yes! Nice little people. Why do you call them "The Enemy"?

CARL

I don't. [*Disappointed.*] The enemy is hate—the *real* enemy! Don't I make that clear?

PAULI

Oh, yes; only——

CARL

Only—I don't! It's no good! I knew that an hour after I'd finished!

PAULI

[*Rises, goes to him, and puts her hand on his arm*]: Carl, don't be silly!

CARL

[*He touches her hand affectionately and then, reassured, returns to the manuscript*]: I'm supersensitive because father makes such fun of my writing. I wish I'd thought of this ending before I sent the play to Bergman. If it comes back—Pauli, it *hasn't* come back?

PAULI

No.

CARL

Truly?

PAULI

Truly, no. [*But she is relieved at the re-entrance of* BARUSKA.]

BARUSKA

[*Laughing, as usual*]: I found the onions . . . in the bread-box! Are you going to set the table?

PAULI

[*Crossing to her during next two speeches*]: Yes.

BARUSKA

How many people?

PAULI

[*Counting upon her fingers*]: The three of us who live here, and one . . . [*Indicating* CARL.] . . . who almost does, and his father . . . *five*—and Fritzi and

Mizzi . . . from across the hall—*seven* . . . and little Kurt . . . making seven and a half! [*She has reached* BARUSKA, *and whispers, though* CARL *is absorbed in his manuscript.*] Later I'll put candles in the birthday cake!

BARUSKA

Twenty-four. And then . . . some day . . . [*She points from* CARL *to* PAULI, *holding up first one finger and then another as she chants.*] One little candle . . . two little candles . . .

PAULI

[*Smiling, and pushing her off*]: Stupid! [BARUSKA *exits, roaring with laughter.*]

CARL

Why did you say "*only*"?

PAULI

I was thinking . . . when the play's produced . . .

CARL

When!

PAULI

[*With maternal solicitude*]: Everybody'll say you're pro-English. Most of us don't think of the English as "nice people."

CARL

But that's the very point . . . to show they're exactly like us. There isn't any *real* difference between

peoples. Fancy hating a country of Bruce Gordons!

PAULI

Oh . . . Bruce!

CARL

There must be a good many of him among forty millions. And of men like him among *every* forty millions. We believe such nonsense of other people, and they probably believe equal nonsense about us. Hate is a manufactured product . . . fatal to ourselves as well as to those we hate . . . That's a commonplace, but so few of us see the commonplace, and it has to be repeated so often . . . I wish I had a typewriter!

PAULI

[*Amused*]: I've heard you say so.

CARL

A grown man without means to buy a typewriter! Sometimes I think father's right.

PAULI

I've heard you say that, too.

CARL

I've scribbled ever since my army service, and never sold a sentence. Think how many bushels of grain father's sold in that time. No wonder he won't give me a crown. Pauli, if *this* play comes back . . .

PAULI

I've heard you say *that.*

CARL

Yes, and it's idiotic . . . and untrue! I'll never quit! *Never!* To write I'll give up even what I want most . . .

[*He stops suddenly; afraid, now, of what he has said, and of* PAULI'S *understanding it. She does; she meets his eyes, and says, quietly:*]

PAULI

You're right, Carl. [*And goes into the dining-room, to the sideboard.*]

CARL

You believe in me . . . and Bruce . . . and your father. Fritzi and Mizzi don't, but Fritzi's a journalist, and superior to everyone. *I* KNOW!

PAULI

[*Setting silver the upper side of the table*]: Get me the blue plates.

CARL

[*Without moving*]: If the play does come back, telephone, and, if father answers the phone, just say: "Tell Carl *he left his rubbers.*"

PAULI

[*Coming around the table*]: I've said that so often.

CARL

I know, but I can't bear father suspecting.

PAULI

[*Joining him in the doorway*]: If I keep on saying you left your rubbers he's sure to suspect. No living creature ever had that many rubbers. [*She touches his arm.*] Now the blue plates.

CARL

[*Going to the sideboard*]: Father's always talking about my failures, and if you talk long enough . . .

PAULI

There'll be no dinner. [*They laugh, and he deposits before her a stack of white plates.*] Are they blue? [*They laugh again, and he goes up for the blue plates.*

BRUCE GORDON *enters R. He is smoking a pipe, and carries a large and heavy burden, which he sets down outside while he opens the door. Hearing the voices in the dining-room, he takes on a stealthy manner, tiptoeing, with his load, to the desk R.* BRUCE *is a clean, well-set-up, blonde young Englishman, of about the age of* PAULI *and* CARL. *He clears a place, and sets his burden upon the desk. Then, without disclosing himself, he peers into the next room, makes sure its occupants are engaged, and, removing the cover from what he has brought, reveals a typewriter.*]

CARL

[*Having delivered the blue plates*]: Wine glasses?

PAULI

Father takes beer.

CARL

My father's bringing some wine.

PAULI

[*Laughs*]: Bringing?

CARL

Sending it by Jan. Father *must* have his Karlowitzer, but he'll only carry it internally!

PAULI

How *is* Jan?

CARL

As usual . . . a bundle of nerves, but my friend as well as my servant. Where's Bruce?

[BRUCE *hears; smiles; pauses in the act of setting to rights the articles pushed aside for the typewriter.*]

PAULI

In his room, I suppose; studying.

[BRUCE *lifts up the article upon which* PAULI *was working.*]

CARL

Studying . . . after graduation?

PAULI

I think he tries to put off going back to England.

[BRUCE *drops the sewing; then takes up a newspaper, and sits in front of the desk, waiting and obviously puffing to attract attention.*]

CARL

[*Significantly*]: I think so, too.

PAULI

[*Unconscious*]: Of course, he wants to see his mother, but it isn't easy to say goodbye to his friends here.

CARL

[*With still greater meaning, but utterly without malice*]: No; not easy.

PAULI

It won't be easy for us, either. Remember—he's lived with us four years. His father and mine were students together in Munich. Father's very fond of Bruce.

CARL

Father?

PAULI

I'm fond of him, too. Aren't you?

CARL

[*Whole-heartedly*]: Oh, yes.

BRUCE

[*Calling . . . languidly*]: I say . . . you two!

PAULI

[*Startled; to* CARL]: Bruce! [CARL *comes down into the doorway.*]

BRUCE

Professor Muller says over-development of one organ means under-development of the others. Is it because you talk so much that you can't smell?

CARL

[*Mocking*]: Why, Doctor!

BRUCE

I've been smoking like a locomotive.

PAULI

[*Who has come in; lifting her father's pipe from the bookcase up L.*]: In a roundhouse always full of locomotives!

CARL

Pauli said you were studying.

BRUCE

Mathematics! If it takes one person ten minutes to set a table, how many hours will it take two?

CARL

[*Coming down C.*]: Oh, shut up! [BRUCE *and* PAULI *have by-play at* CARL'S *failure to see the typewriter.*] Reading yesterday's newspaper?

BRUCE

Some stuff of Fritzi's—wondering why things that seem silly when a man says them are almost impressive in print. [*Throws the paper on the table.*] Now yesterday, Fritzi . . .

[*But* CARL's *eyes have followed the paper . . . to the pretended indifference of* BRUCE, *and the great delight of* PAULI.]

CARL

There . . . *there's a typewriter!*

BRUCE

Where?

CARL

On the table! How did it come there?

BRUCE

It probably *didn't come.* Someone must have brought it.

CARL

Who . . . ?

PAULI

Whose birthday?

CARL

[*Almost hysterical with delight*]: Pauli!

PAULI

[*Pointing*]: Bruce!

CARL

[*Rushing to* BRUCE]: You didn't! You couldn't! How did you know? [BRUCE *walks away, his expression comically recalling frequent reiterations.*] I won't dare let father see this! He'd never get over . . . [*He goes to the machine.*] Anyway, I've got it! American, too!

BRUCE

[*Taking up a sheet of paper*]: I'll show you!

CARL

No, sir! [*Puts in the page.*] *I'll* write the first words! What shall they be?

PAULI

[*R.C.*]: Thanks to Bruce.

CARL

I *have* no words for that. He understands. [*Presses his shoulder; then turns again.*] But the first words written on my first typewriter are very important! I shall always remember the first words! [*Delighted at the success of their conspiracy,* PAULI *has linked arms with* BRUCE. *Turning back,* CARL *sees them and is a little chilled.*] I shall always remember.

PAULI

[*Not noticing*]: The wrist watch I gave you seems nothing in comparison. [*Shaking his head,* CARL *holds*

the watch to his ear, to listen to its ticking.] But, as a real gift, I shall copy your play!

CARL

Oh!

PAULI

To send to a manager!

CARL

But it is with a manager now. [*With sudden, renewed suspicion.*] Pauli . . . ! ! !

PAULI

[*Hushing him as though he were a child*]: Ssch! I only mean *if* . . .

CARL

If!

[*He sinks into the chair before his typewriter; not sulky, but reminded of a terrible possibility; all his happiness gone as quickly as it came.* PAULI *looks at* BRUCE *and starts up toward the dining-room.*]

BRUCE

I should have a copy for London!

CARL

London? !

BRUCE

I know a producer named Gaunt. I'd almost forgotten.

CARL

You'll forget again!

BRUCE

I won't! Word of honor! I'll take him your play the *first day* I'm in England!

[*More jubilant than ever,* CARL *springs up, and clasps his hand. The door bell rings sharply.*]

PAULI

[*Going to the door R.*]: Fritzi and Mizzi. I asked them to bring some chairs.

[*She opens the door, and is staggered at beholding* AUGUST BEHREND. *He is a ponderous man of something over fifty; tall and commanding . . . domineering, rather . . . with large, fat, capable hands, and a neck that thrusts itself over his collar redly in the rear, and falls into several chins in front. His blonde hair has been cut pompadour. His blonde moustache bristles aggressively. Everything about* BEHREND *bristles and is aggressive. He is the embodiment of prosperity, self-satisfaction, and utter disregard of others. These qualities have made him the man he is today. His clothes are aggressively good, and his rings would seem aggressively expensive, but that the modest flesh of his fingers has had the grace to cover them. In spite of all this,* BEHREND *is not disagreeable. Men of his kind have friends, and are pretty generally envied and admired.*]

Mr. Behrend!

[CARL *instantly rises, and almost as quickly begins dreading that his father will see the typewriter.* BRUCE *is slightly up stage and to his L.*]

Come in!

[*He follows her to C., staring disapproval of her appearance.*]

Oh, my apron!

CARL

[*In worried greeting*]: Father!

PAULI

[*Removing the apron*]: I thought it was still early! [*She is looking for a place to put the apron.* BRUCE *is looking for something to cover the typewriter. Mutual relief is accomplished by a long reach behind* BEHREND.] You know Mr. Gordon.

BEHREND

Of course!

[BRUCE *bows; then passes the apron to* CARL, *who throws it over the typewriter.* BARUSKA *enters L., having come to answer the bell, and* JAN, *carrying a basket, has appeared in the doorway R. He is twenty-three, and has been described by* CARL.]

JAN

[*Clearing his throat to attract attention*]: Ahem!

PAULI

And Jan! Baruska, here's Mr. Carl's father, and a basket of Karlowitzer! Put the bottles on the sideboard, and then take Jan into the kitchen. [JAN *goes to* BARUSKA.] And tell my father!

BARUSKA

This way! [*And, talking in undertones, they go into the dining-room, where we see the bottles arrayed upon the sideboard.*]

PAULI

[*To* BEHREND]: Give me your hat. [*Observing that he is looking hesitantly at the straight-backed furniture.*] And sit in a comfortable chair.

BEHREND

[*To the consternation of all three, he selects the most comfortable one in the room . . . which happens to be directly in front of the typewriter. Sinking into it luxuriously*]: Thanks; I don't coddle myself! [*He stretches his legs.*] And so the boy's twenty-four. I shouldn't have remembered. When his mother was alive . . . well, she was a sentimental person! [CARL *winces.*] Babied him! That's what's the matter now! Anyway, I've a question to ask the Professor! Business! Generally, professors are fools . . . but not your father! I always say learning isn't altogether wasted when Arndt's education once helped me to make

three thousand crowns! [*He produces a paper.*] Well, here we have the schedule for the day!

PAULI

[*Seated L. C. Meekly*]: We had some plans, too.

BEHREND

[*Ignoring them*]: After dinner, we walk in the Prater.

PAULI

[*Taking hope*]: That was our idea, also.

BEHREND

[*Considering its abandonment; then, with condescension*]: Still . . . it's a good idea! Coffee in the third coffee house, and then . . . [*Producing some bits of green paper*] . . . six tickets for Ronacher's! [PAULI *jumps up in delight.*] My birthday gift, and not inexpensive I tell you!

PAULI

[*Very happy*]: Oh!

BEHREND

Personally, a music hall bores me, but today we think first of Carl!

BARUSKA

[*Coming into the doorway*]: *Eight* places? [PAULI *nods.*]

BEHREND

Six tickets.

PAULI

One of the eight is a child—Mizzi's little son, Kurt.

BEHREND

Oh, well then, that's all right! Carl remains at home!

PAULI

I remain . . .

BRUCE

Nonsense! We'll get another ticket!

BEHREND

[*Glowering at him*]: Of course! Why should I care for a few crowns?

[BARUSKA *takes* JAN *out through an unseen door in the dining-room L.*]

BRUCE

Let me pay for . . .

BEHREND

Certainly not! I telephone! [PAULI *indicates telephone on desk.*] Perhaps . . . on Sunday . . . there may not be another ticket! [*In reaching for the phone, he has dislodged* PAULI's *apron, which falls away, disclosing the machine.*] What's this? A new typewriter!

PAULI

[*In the tone of one just making a discovery*]: Oh, yes!

BEHREND

Telephones and typewriters! Pretty extravagant for a Professor!

CARL

The typewriter is mine.

BEHREND

[*Sneering*]: Oh, well . . . *you;* with the money *you're* making!

BRUCE

It was my birthday gift.

BEHREND

You English—can afford these luxuries—with the advantage you take of us!

CARL

That isn't kind, father.

BEHREND

[*Furious*]: What! [*He remembers that he is a guest, and feels that they are all against him.*] If you read the trade reports . . . How else do they get the better of us?

[PROFESSOR ARNDT *enters L. He is a very quiet, very kindly but vigorous man well over sixty. A big*

man—in every way—with a lofty forehead, and gentle, spectacled eyes. They twinkle—these eyes; one feels that they have seen much, and that their owner has thought much, and understands everything. His is a pervading calm, which, with utter simplicity, gives the effect of tremendous dignity. His voice is low and caressing; it caresses everyone; but it envelopes Pauli *in a protective mantle of great love.*]

No one doubts that ours is the superior race!

Professor

Quite right, August! No one doubts that *his* is the superior race! The only difficulty is getting the other races to agree to it.

Pauli

[*Taking his arm; moved both by delight and diplomacy*]: Father! We're going to Ronacher's! Mr. Behrend has invited us!

Behrend

I telephone for a *seventh* ticket! [*He picks up the phone.*] An American typewriter, too! How these foreigners stand together! Really, there should be a law to keep Austria for the Austrians! [*Into phone*] Seventy-one . . . zero . . . eleven! [*To the others:*] Of course, in a way, Carl's typewriter benefits the nation!

PAULI

[*Taken in*]: Yes, certainly!

BEHREND

The more plays he writes, the more postage. Carl's stamps aren't just stamps; they're round-trip tickets.

PROFESSOR

Even Goethe had to begin . . . and Schiller and Lessing!

BEHREND

[*Contemptuously*]: Lessing . . . who *ended* by starving! And Schiller, who, but for his poetry, might have been a good soldier! [*Puts down phone.*] Engaged!

PROFESSOR

[*Offering one*]: A pipe, August?

BEHREND

[*Taking one cigar from his pocket*]: I prefer a cigar. [*He strikes a match, as the* PROFESSOR *is filling his pipe.*]

PROFESSOR

Goethe did more to make Germany respected and understood than all her warriors.

BEHREND

[*Sneering*]: Understood?

PROFESSOR

When people understand one another they will not need soldiers. England's greatest conqueror was not Nelson, but Shakespeare.

BEHREND

That should be in one of your lectures.

PROFESSOR

It is.

BEHREND

[*Again into the phone*]: Seventy-one . . . zero . . . eleven. [*To the* PROFESSOR:] Carl has talked that way ever since he entered your classes. A boy who ought to be thinking of business . . . and marriage . . . wasting time with pen and paper!

BRUCE

Hence the typewriter!

BEHREND

Can one dress his wife in paper? That's what comes of writing! Can one put ink in the baby's bottle?

BRUCE

That depends on the color of the baby!

[PAULI, *to conceal her embarrassment . . . or her laughter . . . goes into the dining-room, and fusses with the table.*]

BEHREND

[*Getting her amusement, and then "busy" on the phone, bangs down the latter*]: Damn!

PROFESSOR

Great fortunes, I grant you, are made chiefly by gratifying appetites . . . of one kind or another. But there are greater things than great fortunes . . . the great thrill and happiness of creating a great thought. [*He boasts a little humorously; perhaps with purpose, since his eyes take in* CARL *and* PAULI.] And thinking does not always leave one entirely poor—greatly as governments discourage it. Pauli and I have our beautiful pictures, and my life insurance, and a mortgage on a farm that belongs to Baruska's father!

BEHREND

I don't believe in such transactions! [*He picks up the phone.*]

PROFESSOR

We got it in the usual way, and then the old fellow suggested we let Baruska work here to pay the interest!

BEHREND

[*Into the phone again*]: Seventy-one—zero—eleven!

PROFESSOR

[*Summoning* CARL, *who goes to him*]: And Carl . . .

BEHREND

[*Slamming down the phone again*]: Engaged! In all the world there are no telephones like ours! We *stop* at Ronacher's on our way to the Prater!

PROFESSOR

My gift is foolish and sentimental. The first lecture you attended. [*Gives it to him.*]

CARL

[*Delighted*]: The first! [*Looking at the beginning.*] I remember your voice!

BRUCE

I don't remember Muller's!

CARL

I was so frightened!

BRUCE

I was sound asleep!

BEHREND

Carl is always frightened!

CARL

[*Gripping the* PROFESSOR's *hand*]: Thank you! What a wonderful day! A wrist watch . . . a typewriter . . .

BEHREND

Seven tickets!

BRUCE

And a lecture!

[*They laugh.*]

PROFESSOR

Not to speak of a strange parcel . . . [*In the dining-room,* PAULI *stiffens with alarm. The* PROFESSOR *raises his voice.*] Pauli!

PAULI

Yes, father!

PROFESSOR

What did you do with the package that came for Carl?

PAULI

[*Coming into the doorway*]: I don't remember.

PROFESSOR

[*He does. Pointing*]: In the desk drawer.

PAULI

[*Distraught*]: No! I'll get it later!

CARL

[*Suspicion becoming certainty*]: Now! [*He starts for the desk.*]

PAULI

Carl . . . don't! [*He has the package.*] Not until you're alone!

BRUCE

It's from a woman! Who'd have suspected! [*Carl has identified the package, and stands, transfixed, staring at the address.*] Open it! Or do you recognize the perfume? [*Close to* CARL, *he sees that something is amiss.*] What's wrong?

PAULI

Carl!

BEHREND

[*Over his son's shoulder; pointing to the left upper corner of the envelope.*]: *You left your rubbers!*

PAULI

[*Blazing*]: That's mean and cruel! [*The* PROFESSOR *checks her by touching her arm.*] Carl is a great author!

PROFESSOR

Doubtlessly!

PAULI

You'll be proud of him some day.

BEHREND

Doubtlessly!

CARL

Please don't say any more about it!

PROFESSOR

[*To* BEHREND]: Come into *my* room!

BEHREND

[*Viciously*]: He always writes plays *about* something! When people want girls, and stories of crime . . . and . . . and . . . [*The* PROFESSOR *touches his arm.*] Yes. I want to ask you a question. [*They start for the door L.*] What would happen if twenty of us joined to buy all the grain?

PROFESSOR

The rest of us would have no bread!

BEHREND

Oh, we raise the price only a few hellers! But how much wheat comes from outside? Where can one go for statistics?

PROFESSOR

This way! [*And, as* BEHREND *continues, they exeunt L.*]

PAULI

[*Touching* CARL'S *arm*]: Carl!

BRUCE

Don't forget . . . London!

CARL

[*Ruefully; to* PAULI]: You were right about the rubbers.

[*Enter* BARUSKA.]

BARUSKA

[*Excited*]: Fraulein come look at him . . . with his great, round, brown belly!

BRUCE

Behrend?

BARUSKA

My goose! Come show me how to fix the radishes on his platter!

PAULI

[*Getting her apron*]: I'm coming! [*And leaving* CARL *to* BRUCE—*with an unspoken admonition, she follows* BARUSKA *off L.*]

BRUCE

Do you know Bergman? [CARL *shakes his head.*] I thought perhaps he didn't like you.

CARL

He didn't like the play. And he's right.

BRUCE

You'll give it up?

CARL

[*Shakes his head again*]: I'll do it over.

BRUCE

Hard lines!

CARL

I'm not afraid . . . of anything that's my job! I want to show people the folly and waste of prejudice and dissension! Tomorrow I'm going to find work . . . that will pay a few crowns . . . and I'll take cheap lodgings . . . and eat very little . . . and write . . . and write again . . . and still again . . . until I've proved to myself . . . and everyone . . . that I *can* write!

BRUCE

[*With vast approval*]: Right! [*Goes up to refill his pipe from a jar on the bookcase L.* CARL'S *eyes follow him and go farther—through the door . . . to* PAULI. *A pause.*]

CARL

Bruce . . .

BRUCE

Yes.

CARL

Do you love Pauli?

BRUCE

Yes.

CARL

Why don't you ask her to marry you?

BRUCE

I did. [*Comes down L.*] Before I knew *you* loved her.

CARL

What did she say?

BRUCE

That from the time you were children . . . making a home out of a big wooden box . . . she had thought of nothing but a real home with you.

CARL

Pauli said that?

BRUCE

Quite simply.

CARL

And you repeat it to me? Why?

BRUCE

Because I love Pauli.

CARL

[*Passionately*]: Bruce, I'm no good! I'm not worth the tips of her fingers! Always, I'm thinking of myself . . . and my work . . . while *you* . . . Father's right! I shall die a baby!

BRUCE

And *she* was born a mother.

CARL

I can't ask her to wait . . . so long! And I won't have her in a dingy room . . . in a dingy street . . . doing the washing! It's my work, or Pauli!

BRUCE

Which wins?

CARL

[*With great longing*]: I love Pauli.

BRUCE

I know.

CARL

And I need her.

BRUCE

I know.

CARL

[*Crying out*]: But I can't give up my work! I'm not that kind of a coward! [*The bell rings. Away off, L, a door opens and we hear Pauli. All* CARL'S *heart is in his next speech.*] But, oh, my little Pauli!

BRUCE

Ask her tonight.

CARL

I'm not that kind of a coward, either!

PAULI

[*Appearing L.*]: Open the door, stupids! It's Fritzi and Mizzi.

[BRUCE *opens the door R. admitting* MIZZI WINCKELMAN *and* KURT. MIZZI *is twenty-five, very dainty, very pretty, and exceedingly pert and full of life.*

In our own country, she would be called a "flapper"—which fact doesn't prevent her being an excellent wife and mother. She is dressed in her spotless best, and KURT, *aged six, has been scrubbed until he shines.*]

MIZZI

Well, here's the first load of Winckelmans!

PAULI

Where's Fritz?

MIZZI

Coming! [*Down to* CARL] Hello, Carl! Many happy returns! [*To* PAULI] I've been all morning getting Fritz dressed. He's worse than Kurt!

KURT

[*Proudly*]: I dressed myself!

MIZZI

Fritz didn't. [*Indicating window R.*] I was sure you'd see him from across the courtyard! Why *will* men stand undressed before open windows? [BRUCE *starts to reply.*] I know; it's their natural generosity. Fritz was out until all hours drinking beer with their critic and . . . [*She has narrowly escaped giving something away.*] . . . and some others! [*To* CARL] You don't *look* happy!

CARL

I'm hungry. [*The speech registers upon* KURT.]

PAULI

And the goose had to go back in the oven!

MIZZI

[*With significance*]: No special presents?

CARL

A wrist watch from Pauli; and that typewriter from Bruce!

MIZZI

Wait till you see our birthday gift!

KURT

I'm going to have a birthday.

BRUCE

[*With mock incredulity*]: No?

KURT

[*Nods violently*]: What will you give me?

MIZZI

Kurt!

BRUCE

What do you want?

KURT

A sword and a drum.

BRUCE

Drummer boys don't carry swords.

KURT

The Professor says they do.

PAULI

Perhaps they did when *he* was a soldier—in the Franco-Prussian War.

BRUCE

What shall you do with a sword?

KURT

Kill the enemy. [*The title of his play registers with* CARL.]

CARL

The enemy? Who are they?

KURT

Everybody but us! And we can lick everybody!

BRUCE

That's what *my* teacher told *me!*

KURT

[*Honestly puzzled, finally finds an honest explanation*]: Your teacher was a liar!

MIZZI

[*Shocked*]: Kurt!

CARL

And I expect people to believe in my play!

PAULI

No sword for you!

KURT

How about the drum?

BRUCE

We'll see! [*The bell rings sharply.*]

MIZZI

Fritz! [*Starts R., as voices are heard off L.*]

BEHREND

[*Entering with the* PROFESSOR]: I don't agree with you!

PROFESSOR

[*Laughing, and slapping his shoulder*]: Nobody does! That's how I know I'm right!

[MIZZI *has opened the door R., admitting* FRITZ, *who carries two chairs.* FRITZ *is a buoyant, wide-awake young fellow, slightly past the age of* CARL, *good-looking, and likeable in spite of pronounced self-confidence. He has an important air, but a kind heart, and is rather foolishly impulsive, a bit irresponsible, inclined to doing or saying first*

and considering afterward. He and Mizzi *are deeply in love, and she agrees with him that he is a person of some consequence.*]

Fritz

Here are the chairs! [Bruce *takes both, and* Carl *taking one from him, they are conveyed into the dining-room.*] And now I've got to rush off for a few moments!

Pauli

Fritzi!

Mizzi

[*At the same time*]: Rush off? Where?

Fritz

To the paper! I've forgotten Carl's present!

Behrend

Oh, never mind that!

Mizzi

Dinner's 'most ready!

Kurt

Mother, I'm hungry!

Carl

[*Returning from the dining-room*]: Just *tell* me!

Fritz

After all the trouble I've taken! The paper's only two minutes away, and I should report anyhow!

MIZZI

On Sunday?

FRITZ

They can't do without me! And today . . . with the Archduke being received in Sarajevo! [*He starts for the door.*]

MIZZI

You know I can't keep a secret!

FRITZ

Tell this and I'll *strangle* you! [*Opens door.*] Don't wait! I can begin anywhere! [*He exits R.*]

BEHREND

I understand the Archduke was met by a crowd carrying Serbian flags!

PROFESSOR

Ferdinand should never have gone to Bosnia! He was warned by the Serbian Legation!

BEHREND

As though a nation could avoid responsibility by giving warning! However, nothing will happen! We are too well prepared. No one strikes a man who is known to be strong!

PROFESSOR

On the contrary, when a bully swaggers about, sooner or later someone always thrashes him!

BEHREND

Germany and Austria together could whip the world! I wonder what the Kaiser, and his Grand Admiral, talked about just now when they visited our Archduke at Konopisht!

PROFESSOR

Who knows?

MIZZI

Or cares!

PAULI

These state discussions do not concern us!

MIZZI

And whatever it's about, they're not the least likely to consult us!

CARL

Fighting is no longer probable. There is already talk of reducing armaments!

PROFESSOR

There was talk of that just before the Franco-Prussian War!

CARL

I, for one, should refuse to fight! [BEHREND *looks at him in shame and disgust.*]

BRUCE

No one wants war.

BEHREND

No one wants cholera, but it occurs.

PROFESSOR

It would occur oftener if we allowed physicians to decide whether we should have it!

BEHREND

We must keep the Serbs from the Adriatic!

PROFESSOR

Does it matter to you?

BEHREND

It matters to my country!

PROFESSOR

How?

BEHREND

[*Not too sure, and so blustering*]: The Balkan States, allowed to grow strong, and independent of us . . . or Turkey . . . become the advance guard of Russia!

PROFESSOR

There's always something like that!

BEHREND

We must push our coast-line further South!

PROFESSOR

Why?

BEHREND

[*Faltering*]: To . . . to reach the Near East!

PROFESSOR

Why?

BEHREND

[*Unable to go further, and indignant in consequence*]: I . . . I don't know! I leave such things to statesmen! But I read it only last week in *Die Welt!*

MIZZI

[*Delighted*]: Fritz wrote that article!

PROFESSOR

Why?

MIZZI

I don't know.

PROFESSOR

Does he?

BEHREND

[*Exploding*]: Of course! Because a patriot doesn't ask questions! Without them, he stands ready . . . as I do . . . gladly . . . to give the last drop of blood to his country!

BARUSKA

[*Appearing in the dining-room*]: Dinner!

PROFESSOR

A truce . . . eh, August?

MIZZI

[*Who has rushed into the dining-room, returns between them, waving a napkin*]: The white flag!

PAULI

Anyway, what nonsense we're talking! Like people discussing who will ride in the front seat of a motor they're never going to have! The important thing now is . . . where's Fritz?

KURT

Mother, I'm hungry!

MIZZI

[*Threatening him*]: If you say that again . . .

BEHREND

We don't wait!

PAULI

Pour the wine, Baruska.

MIZZI

He'll be back by then.

PAULI

[*To* BARUSKA]: Father takes beer . . . and tea for Mr. Gordon.

BEHREND

Tea! [*Quite audibly*] Barbarians, these English!

MIZZI

[*To pacify him*]: Wait till you see what Fritz is bringing!

BEHREND

A typewriter? Or perhaps another *pair of rubbers!*

MIZZI

Rubbers?

PAULI

Mr. Behrend is joking.

CARL

Father means I got my play back from Bergman!

MIZZI

[*Dumbfounded*]: "The Enemy?" But Bergman's *accepted* "The Enemy!"

BARUSKA

[*In the doorway*]: The wine's poured! [JAN *enters the dining-room with a tray of soup.*]

KURT

[*In the same tone as before*]: Mother . . . [*Warned by her look.*] I'm thirsty!

BEHREND

We eat! [*Enters the dining-room.* KURT *skurries after him.*]

PROFESSOR

[*Following*]: We can talk at the table!

CARL

[*Who hasn't stirred*]: What do you say, Mizzi?

MIZZI

Bergman told Fritz last night at supper! Fritz wrote the announcement for tomorrow's paper, and got a dozen proof sheets to surprise you tonight and . . . Good heavens, *I've told!*

BEHREND

[*From his seat at the table*]: Then come in!

MIZZI

Fritz will destroy me! [*She goes in. The* PROFESSOR *says grace.* CARL *runs to the desk, and fumbles at his package with trembling hands.*]

PAULI

[*Following him*]: What's in it?

BRUCE

[*Following*]: Hurry!

CARL

[*Giving him the parcel*]: I can't! You open it! Why did I wait? Idiot! Fritz and his practical jokes! [*A paper falls to the floor.*]

PAULI

What's that?

BRUCE

A letter.

CARL

Read it.

BRUCE

[*Reading*]: "A fine play . . . if you will change the ending."

PAULI

It's changed!

BRUCE

[*Reading*]: "I shall be proud to produce it."

CARL

Not really?

BRUCE

[*Reading*]: "And with compliments and felicitations, my dear sir, believe me always your admiring and obedient . . ."

CARL

Never mind that! Read the other again! It isn't true! It can't be! [BRUCE *gives him the letter.*] Oh, Pauli!

PAULI

[*Facing him*]: Carl, dear!

[*It is obviously the moment for an embrace . . . but*

BRUCE *is looking on. Slowly he becomes aware that "three is a crowd," and turns to go into the dining-room, in which, during all this, the chatter has been incessant. As he reaches the entrance,* BEHREND *calls.*]

BEHREND

Come in and tell us!

BRUCE

[*Looks at the lovers, who look back at him helplessly. He is struck with an idea. To* BEHREND]: There is a letter to be answered immediately.

BEHREND

Can nothing wait until after dinner? [BRUCE *enters the dining-room, and starts to close the doors.*] Don't shut the doors! [BRUCE *makes a gesture of apology and despair to* CARL *and* PAULI, *and disappears into the dining-room, where the chatter is continued.*]

CARL

I know now the first words for my typewriter.

PAULI

To Bergman?

CARL

[*He has gone to his machine; one eye upon the dining-room*]: To . . . [*He indicates* PAULI.]

PAULI

To me? [*Fearful of having been overheard, both look at the dining-room, and then, slowly, one word at a time,* CARL *types: I . . . LOVE . . . YOU.* PAULI *comes very close.*]

CARL

[*Sotto voce*]: Will you marry me? [PAULI *playfully waves him aside, and violently taps out on the typewriter: Y . . E . . S. On the verge of that embrace, they are interrupted.*]

BEHREND

[*To* BRUCE]: Shut those doors! I hate a typewriter! [*They wait.* BRUCE *comes into the doorway . . . and winks.*]

BRUCE

[*With mock regret*]: I'm sorry! [*And shuts the doors.*]

CARL

Pauli, I can write! I shall be a great author, and always your lover! [*Again he is about to take her in his arms, and again they are interrupted. The phone rings. They look at it.*]

PAULI

I'm afraid!

CARL

Our troubles are over! [PAULI *starts for the phone.*] Kiss me first! [*She is about to do so, when again the phone rings . . . and goes on ringing.*]

PAULI

[*Glancing apprehensively at the dining-room doors*]: We *must* answer.

CARL

[*Going*]: Of course, it's some trifle! [*As he takes the instrument in his hand, it stops ringing, and he thinks of something more important.*] We'll take a flat, and get some furniture. . . . [*The phone rings.*]

PAULI

[*Laughing*]: Carl!

CARL

[*Into the phone*]: Hello! . . . Yes, Fritz! . . . We're waiting. . . . *WHAT! !* . . . When? . . . It doesn't seem possible! . . . How soon will you be here? . . . All right. . . . Goodbye.

[*During which,* PAULI *has torn "the first words" from the typewriter, folded the paper, and tucked it into her bosom. Now, alarmed at* CARL'S *tone, she stops at R. C., and turns to him.*]

PAULI

What is it?

CARL

Fritz isn't coming. The Archduke has been killed in Sarajevo. [*Then, seeing the worry in her eyes.*] Pauli! . . . What's that to us?

[*And, with nothing to disturb them, at last they melt into their first embrace. The curtain falls.*]

THE END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE: *The same rooms, with a slight difference.* PAULI *and* CARL . . . *properly married, of course . . . have made their chamber of the former dining-room, whose functions, and essential pieces of furniture, have been added to those of the living room. The sideboard now occupies the place of the bookcase in the upper left-hand corner, and, in emulation, perhaps, has taken over some of* its *functions. The small circular table is in front of the stove, down L., and upon it stands the Winged Victory. Also a tall kerosene lamp, of the sort known as a "student lamp," for already electric lights and the telephone have gone the way of extravagances in hard times . . . the latter being conspicuous by reason of its absence. So, too, is the nude that hung upon the left wall. The dining table, now in the center of the stage, also has added to its usefulness. It has been spread for supper, and partially set, but its left end is given over temporarily to the literary activities of the* PROFESSOR . . . *bearing pencils, paper, books, and other necessities of the kind, including a pipe and the omnipresent tobacco jar. The desk is still in place, and still holds the typewriter, which, however, gives every evidence of having been*

forgotten. It is covered, and has been pushed back out of the way. On top of the desk, stands the picture of Bruce Gordon, *with the flag. Dining-room chairs have been distributed about.*

The new bed-room is very gay, having been transformed, not only by considerable expenditure . . . largely for gifts . . . but by a good deal of loving care. Between the two windows, with its foot toward the audience, is a double bed of some light wood . . . preferably maple, with a painted design or an inlay of darker wood. The blue curtains have been replaced by gold-colored tissue, or sunfast, or pretty figured scrim to match the furniture, and . . . if sunfast is used . . . the bed coverlet. We see part of a dressing table, with new toilet articles in white or amber-colored celluloid. Beside the bed is an oil reading lamp, with cover of gold or tan, standing upon a tiny table, just large enough to hold also a small clock, a few books, and a bowl of bright red flowers. A number of palpable wedding gifts have overflowed into the living room. We know they are gifts because they are of no possible use to anybody. A silver pitcher, a silver cake-dish, etc. There is nothing anywhere to indicate lavish expenditure, but the rooms are still cheerful and comfortable and pleasant to look upon.

The realest brightness is outside, the buildings across the streets displaying draped Austrian and German flags.

At Rise: *Late afternoon on Tuesday, August 4th, 1914. Sunshine continues to flood the rooms, and, even before the curtain rises, we hear the music of a distant military band and the regular tramp of marching feet. This latter sound never stops during the act, except when the doors to the upper room are closed. It is far away . . . at the corner . . . but insistent, unvarying, unending, the rumble of Fate. When the curtain goes up, we hear also the faint suggestion of cheers . . . of a crowd in the next block.* Mizzi, *gaily dressed in her best, is leaning out of the window . . . so that our first view of her is posternal. She is cheering, too, and quite hysterical with excitement. The* Professor, *seated at the left end of the table, is doing his best to write. He has a large book propped up in front of him, but even copying is difficult under the circumstances. He gives it up when* Mizzi *withdraws from the window and comes into the scene.*

Mizzi

Isn't it glorious? [*Coming down.*] Isn't it *beautiful*? [*With a sigh, the* Professor *pushes back his work, and takes off his glasses.*] I wish *our* windows were on the street! Why doesn't Kurt come? Not a break in the line since early afternoon. Why don't they march up *this* street? [*The* Professor *is filling his pipe.*] How can you sit there calmly when the whole country's ablaze?

PROFESSOR

You'll all be calm enough in a year or two.

MIZZI

Fritz says *your* calm's going to get you into trouble!

PROFESSOR

Yes?

MIZZI

At the University! This isn't the time for pacifists!

PROFESSOR

No. Once war is in the blood, all nations spell reason with a T. [*He picks up his pencil, and draws his manuscript to him.*]

MIZZI

With the world on fire . . .

PROFESSOR

We need kindling; not the fire department. [*He copies from the book before him.*]

MIZZI

[*Scornfully*]: What's that? A pacifist book?

PROFESSOR

The worst of all pacifist books . . . the Bible.

MIZZI

[*Surprised*]: You're copying from the Bible?! [*He nods.*] What?

PROFESSOR

The worst of all pacifist lines: "Thou shalt not kill."

[PAULI *enters L., carrying a uniform.* PAULI *is different; the subtle difference marriage makes in women. She has been troubled, too, and is worried now, but, as yet, trouble and worry have not effaced the shining marks of her happiness.*]

A man who uttered those words today would be sent to prison!

MIZZI

[*Finding further argument difficult*]: But that just means killing . . . *someone.*

PROFESSOR

[*Humorously*]: I see. You think it was written for the retail trade!

PAULI

Back again, Mizzi?

MIZZI

[*Wildly, as a drum corps bursts into music*]: Rather! [*Running back to her window.*] Look! Hungarians . . . with a banner reading "For God and King!" Pauli!!

PAULI

I'm fixing Carl's uniform.

MIZZI

You think it'll stay nice?

PAULI

I don't think anything will stay nice *now.*

MIZZI

Fritz says they'll never get to him and Carl.

PAULI

[*In quick appeal*]: Father . . . ? [*The* PROFESSOR *puffs hard, and shrugs his shoulders.* PAULI *rumples his hair.*] You old . . . locomotive!

PROFESSOR

[*Taking her hand*]: Are you glad I hurried your marriage?

PAULI

If they'll wait five days I shall have had a month of happiness.

MIZZI

You don't suppose they're thinking of *that?* [PAULI *sits with her sewing.*]

PROFESSOR

Four nations fighting us: Serbia, Russia, France, Belgium.

MIZZI

And all without the least cause!

PROFESSOR

But *we* had cause? !

MIZZI

Certainly!

PROFESSOR

Do you know what it was?

MIZZI

The cause of the war? Of course! They killed the Archduke!

PROFESSOR

Oh, yes!

MIZZI

[*Safely past that, and triumphant with a new idea*]: Why didn't *they* remember "Thou shalt not kill"? ! How about *other people* obeying the Commandments"? !

PROFESSOR

Maybe the trouble with our religion is that it asks too much of human nature. If you tell a man his health depends upon eating more moderately he's likely to *try*. But if you say "Eat nothing," he answers "That's fine, but, of course, it's impossible!" The Koran asks less, and is obeyed more! [MIZZI, *bored, goes back to her window.*]

PAULI

There's nothing difficult about Christ.

PROFESSOR

That's different!

PAULI

Different?

PROFESSOR

Would everything be different if we had preached Christ instead of . . . Christianity? The simple things He said instead of all the twistings, and turnings, and little side alleys of creed and theology? If we hadn't spent these centuries building up a great hocus-pocus instead of a great truth?

PAULI

Father!

PROFESSOR

"For God and King!" But between them and us . . . from the days when we began building palaces for our Bishops and pyramids for our Kings . . . have come that multitude of interpreters and exploiters who live by the mummery they have made of Religion and Patriotism! . . . Blasphemy and treason, but I sometimes think the two vast conspiracies through all history have been God and King!

PAULI

You think we should uncrown our kings? !

PROFESSOR

Not all our kings wear crowns. And, perhaps, those who don't are the worst!

[*Another band approaches, and with it* BARUSKA, *entering L., with a newspaper and a tray of things for the table.*]

BARUSKA

Isn't it gorgeous? ! [*Setting her tray where it most annoys the* PROFESSOR.] The beautiful soldiers!

PAULI

[*Laughing at her*]: With their great, round, brown bellies?

BARUSKA

[*Laughing*]: Stop teasing me! [*She picks up a carving knife.*] When I see the flags and uniforms *I* could whip those Roumanians!

PROFESSOR

[*Laughing, too*]: We're not fighting Roumania.

BARUSKA

I could fight *anybody!* [*She drops the knife with a crash that startles the* PROFESSOR. *His attention begins to center upon* BARUSKA.]

MIZZI

And Pauli's missing it all!

PAULI

I wish I could.

MIZZI

[*Coming down, and pulling at* PAULI]: Just take one look!

PROFESSOR

[*Eyeing* BARUSKA]: Go, Pauli.

[MIZZI *drags her off;* BARUSKA *starts to follow, but the* PROFESSOR *detains her.*]

BARUSKA

[*Preparing to set the table. She gathers up manuscript—to the* PROFESSOR'S *consternation*]: Want to look at the paper? [*She carries books and pages to the table L.*]

PROFESSOR

It's all lies! [*Opens it; then tosses it upon table.*] And an early edition!

BARUSKA

[*About to set down her burden, observes a vacant space among the pictures on the wall in front of her*]: Where's the naked lady?

PROFESSOR

[*Dissembling . . . with an eye on the room up stage*]: At the framer's.

BARUSKA

[*Laughing immoderately as she places the pile in front of the Winged Victory*]: She ought to be ashamed! . . . This is the one I like.

PROFESSOR

[*Going to her*]: Marble.

BARUSKA

But broken.

PROFESSOR

Oh, no! The Winged Victory . . . and victory is always mutilated!

BARUSKA

I wish I could have one.

PROFESSOR

[*Thinking of something else*]: You may . . . some day. Of plaster. Doubtlessly. *If you worked on the farm.*

BARUSKA

[*Surprised*]: My father's?

PROFESSOR

And paid off the mortgage.

BARUSKA

Paid off . . . *seven thousand crowns? ! ! !* Not in a lifetime! I stay here!

PROFESSOR

We may not be able to keep you.

BARUSKA

[*Still more surprised*]: What . . . ?

PROFESSOR

We may have to have money . . . for the interest. Between ourselves, Baruska, I'm in some trouble . . . [*The eye on the other room has seen signs of a returning* PAULI.] But we'll say no more now! Not before Pauli!

PAULI

[*Leaving the window . . . in spite of* MIZZI]: No, Mizzi! It's terrible!

MIZZI

The music?

PAULI

[*Coming down*]: The tramping feet!

MIZZI

That's a song we heard at Ronacher's.

BARUSKA

[*Setting the table*]: Everyone's singing it! [*And she joins "everyone."*] "We're going to rush the Russians. . . ."

PROFESSOR

[*Turning from the Victory*]: Ssch! Ssch!

PAULI

[*To him*]: Why *did* we move into that room?

PROFESSOR

You and Carl wouldn't've fit into your little cubby-hole. And it would've been silly to start housekeeping . . . *in case* . . .

PAULI

I know! [*To* MIZZI.] But *do* close those doors! [MIZZI *obeys; rather sulkily.*] I want to shut it out! [*But, as it is shut out, there is a louder and less expert noise off R., and* KURT *enters, banging upon his new drum.*] Oh, Kurt!

MIZZI

Don't! [*She takes the sticks.*]

KURT

What's a drum for?

PAULI

[*Laughing as she takes him in her arms*]. Suppose Bruce had given you the sword?

[*There is a goodly silence. The* PROFESSOR *decides that an "early edition" is better than no newspaper.* KURT, *somewhat mollified by the embrace, seats himself upon the floor C., tightening the straps of his drum.* MIZZI, *about to lay the sticks on the desk R., sees the framed picture of* BRUCE. *She looks at it fixedly; touches the flag; is about*

to comment, when she hears the newspaper crackle in the hands of the PROFESSOR.]

MIZZI

[*Turning sharply*]: Is that *Die Welt?*

PROFESSOR

[*Sitting . . . ready to read*]: *Freie Presse.*

MIZZI

You should read Fritz's paper. Every day he writes things that make you want to . . . "fight anybody." Many of them out of his own head, too.

PAULI

What's the news?

PROFESSOR

[*Looking at* MIZZI]: News! !

PAULI

[*Tightening a button on the uniform*]: What about . . . England?

PROFESSOR

They warn us to keep out of Belgium.

PAULI

And we?

PROFESSOR

Have attacked Liege.

MIZZI

Good! ! . . . Where's that?

PROFESSOR

In Belgium.

BARUSKA

[*Singing*]: "If the King of England fights us . . ." [*The* PROFESSOR *glares; she is silenced, and, soon afterwards, leaves the room.*]

MIZZI

When is Bruce going?

PAULI

Monday.

MIZZI

Funny he waited after graduation.

PAULI

Bruce didn't know there was going to be war.

MIZZI

[*Dubiously*]: Mmm! [PAULI *looks at her.*] Fritz says the country's over-run with spies. You know that Russian in the Karntnerstrasse?

PAULI

The little jeweller?

MIZZI

[*Nods*]: He never did any business, but he stayed. What does *that* indicate?

PAULI

Perseverance.

MIZZI

Yes? [*Triumphantly.*] Well, a crowd broke into his shop yesterday, and unearthed hundreds of letters . . . *in Russian!* They wrecked the place! And last night . . . if any *more* proof were needed . . . the man was found . . .

PAULI

Hiding?

MIZZI

Hanging! . . . He'd killed himself!

PAULI

Mizzi! Suppose . . .

MIZZI

Anyway, he was a Jew! . . . I've often wondered where Bruce got money for . . . typewriters! If you take my advice . . .

PAULI

[*Defiant at last*]: I won't!

MIZZI

You'll tell him to go home!

PAULI

Never! *Never!*

MIZZI

[*Taking up the picture*]: This isn't a good time for English flags!

PAULI

[*More amused than angry*]: I put that there ages ago! [MIZZI *restores the picture.*] We're not at war with England. And Bruce is our friend!

MIZZI

We've no friends but the Germans! If you're not loyal to your country, you might be to your husband!

PAULI

Mizzi! ! ! !

PROFESSOR

[*Looking up from his paper; pouring oil upon troubled waters, and with a twinkle in his eye*]: That little Russian in the Karntnerstrasse . . .

MIZZI

Yes?

PROFESSOR

There were only two letters. The police have translated them.

MIZZI

[*Eagerly*]: And they were . . .

PROFESSOR

From his wife . . . saying she was glad he loved his adopted country, and was going to send for her

. . . as soon as he'd paid for his new stock. . . . However, as you say, we've no friends. Even at home, people of different races and religions. This fellow was a Jew!

MIZZI

Yes, and, ten to one, that wife business was just code! Come, Kurt! [*Gathering up the drum sticks, with a final glare at the flag and* BRUCE.] We'll get father's supper! We love him . . . don't we? . . . and our country!

PROFESSOR

[*Gently*]: Someone may be saying that tonight in France.

MIZZI

[*Pulling at* KURT]: Come!

KURT

[*Singing*]: "We're going to punish France."

MIZZI

[*Prompting him*]: "No nation that opposes us."

[*He repeats the words, and they exeunt; their voices trailing off in the hall as they continue the lesson.*]

PAULI

[*Collapsing*]: Father! ! I can't let him go! ! !

PROFESSOR

[*With mild wonder*]: Bruce?

PAULI

Carl! If anything happened to Carl *now* . . . Just for an Archduke—that nobody liked anyway! My country is you, and my home, and my husband! I don't care *who* gets to the Adriatic!

PROFESSOR

It'll soon be over!

PAULI

How long?

PROFESSOR

The Franco-Prussian War was finished in ten months.

PAULI

Ten months! Father! ! ! [*The bell rings.*]

PROFESSOR

Ssch! [*Enter* BARUSKA, *wiping her hands upon her apron.*]

PAULI

I'm afraid!

PROFESSOR

Here's Baruska.

PAULI

Am I selfish, father? Am I wicked? I only want to know what it's all about!

BARUSKA

[*Peering through the door R.*]: Mr. Behrend.

[*She admits him, and returns to her kitchen.* PAULI *turns away to compose herself. The* PROFESSOR *greets* BEHREND, *who is a little better dressed than in the previous act, and a little more self-confident.*]

PROFESSOR

Any word from England?

BEHREND

[*Shrugging his shoulders*]: They warn us not to enter Belgium.

PROFESSOR

We've entered.

BEHREND

All these *warnings!* However, they won't fight! Nobody fights for principle!

PROFESSOR

We've no right to cross Belgium!

BEHREND

France would if we didn't! She was all prepared! For fifty years they've been preparing! We only defend ourselves!

PROFESSOR

They're probably saying the same thing! In all history, no nation ever attacked another!

BEHREND

France dreams of Bonaparte and World Dominion! England . . .

PROFESSOR

Yes?

BEHREND

The cause of everything!

PROFESSOR

[*With grim humor*]: Tell Pauli.

BEHREND

[*Seeing her for the first time*]: Oh . . . Pauli!

PROFESSOR

Tell her what we're fighting for.

BEHREND

Our national honor!

PROFESSOR

But you said *nobody* . . .

BEHREND

Nobody but us! . . . With England it's jealousy!

PROFESSOR

Doubtlessly!

BEHREND

Unable to compete with us commercially, she plots to crush us! Unless French militarism is checked, we

shall see another Napoleon in Vienna! Where's Carl?

PAULI

Looking for news.

BEHREND

I'll wait for him . . . in case . . .

PAULI

[*Taking fright*]: You think . . .

BEHREND

[*Shaking his head*]: Not unless England . . . And she won't! But a man of my age can't be dragged out of bed to say goodbye! . . . Ah, Arndt, age is a tragedy! *We* are too old! Thank God, I have a son!

PROFESSOR

[*Drily*]: Yes.

BEHREND

What an end . . . to die for one's country!

PROFESSOR

I've heard it spoken of highly by people who don't do it. [*And, before* BEHREND *quite understands, he turns sharply.*] August, I've a plan to end wars!

BEHREND

How?

PROFESSOR

By making the men who declare 'em fight 'em!

BEHREND

How can you joke on such a subject? [PAULI *starts off L.*] Pauli!

PAULI

[*Halting*]: Yes, Mr. Behrend?

BEHREND

Call me "father." [*Lifts his son's uniform.*] Proud of your husband?

PAULI

Yes . . . I still believe he is a great author! [*And she exits.*]

PROFESSOR

[*Regretting his acerbity, and* PAULI'S]: You'll sup with us?

BEHREND

No! No! [*The table looks inviting.*] Well, yes; I stay for a nibble!

PROFESSOR

Some left-overs, and a glass of beer! [BEHREND *shows disappointment. The* PROFESSOR *is refilling his pipe.*] We must eat while we can! England may shut off food!

BEHREND

[*Drawing up a chair*]: Two can play at that game!

PROFESSOR

[*Seated*]: How?

BEHREND

[*Seated*]: Without supplies, we can exist a year; England a month! And we have . . . *submarines!*

PROFESSOR

But they can't sink merchant ships!

BEHREND

Why not?

PROFESSOR

With women and children? ! !

BEHREND

Necessity knows no law!

PROFESSOR

[*Indignantly*]: Tush!

BEHREND

Really, Arndt! . . . I hear you are already in trouble at the University!

PROFESSOR

Ssch! We mustn't tell Pauli!

BEHREND

Dismissed?

PROFESSOR

I have resigned.

BEHREND

Disgraceful!

PROFESSOR

[*Misunderstanding*]: Isn't it? When murder is taught in schools and preached in churches!

BEHREND

[*Outraged*]: Murder!

PROFESSOR

With God as the Great Accessory!

BEHREND

Arndt!

PROFESSOR

Excuse me. But I am not the only one. Muller still works on his cure for cancer. Still risks death to *save* life!

BEHREND

Muller's an old ass! And now . . . *you* . . . with no income?

PROFESSOR

We're cutting down on everything. *I* don't mind, but Pauli shouldn't do without meat. And there's the premium on my life insurance.

BEHREND

You carry too much.

PROFESSOR

[*Nods*]: It has meant sacrifice, but I shall be safe in my old age, and have something for Pauli. Three more payments, and we receive twenty-five thousand crowns!

BEHREND

Meanwhile . . . ? [*Instinctively, the* PROFESSOR *looks at the vacant space.*]

PROFESSOR

[*To cover his self-betrayal*]: I shall get work.

BEHREND

You've sold one of your pictures.

PROFESSOR

A hussy!

BEHREND

Damn it, Arndt! We're related! How about a little loan?

PROFESSOR

[*Not too surely*]: I never borrow.

BEHREND

I shan't feel it. [*Making sure they are alone.*] That wheat you told me to buy . . .

PROFESSOR

I! ! ! !

BEHREND

Soon after came the war. Soldiers must eat . . . and we had the grain. I can *afford* a little loan!

PROFESSOR

[*Very surely*]: No, thank you. [CARL *enters R.*] Here's Carl!

BEHREND

[*His hand still in his pocket. Fulsomely*]: My boy!

CARL

[*Already changed; a bit coarsened, and with bravado in his manner*]: Hello, father! Professor! Where's Pauli?

PROFESSOR

In the kitchen. No bad news?

CARL

The British Ambassador has been mobbed in Berlin!

BEHREND

Nonsense! We don't do such things!

CARL

He was a spy!

BEHREND

Even if it's true, nothing will happen! Next week we'll be in Paris!

CARL

[*He has opened the door of the bed-room and hears the tread of marching feet*]: Yes; I suppose it's as good as over!

PROFESSOR

What was it about?

CARL

We fought for Civilization! For Liberty, and Democracy!

PROFESSOR

I see.

CARL

You don't deny that justice is on our side?

PROFESSOR

Justice is *always* on our side . . . whichever side that happens to be.

CARL

Fritz will weep at not being needed.

BEHREND

We shall not forget men like Fritz!

CARL

Tears came to my own eyes as I stood at the corner. Perhaps it is true that war keeps the race strong!

PROFESSOR

There are so many kinds of strength. . . . When I was a young man, on a trip to Spain . . .

BEHREND

There's a degenerate country!

PROFESSOR

[*Nods*]: When I saw horses ripped open by a tortured bull, they told me fighting kept the race strong.

BEHREND

Ah! To mutilate wretched horses . . . that is Barbarism!

PROFESSOR

To mangle a million men . . . to stab, and tear, and blow them to bits . . . that is War!

CARL

But the bull fights without knowing why!

PROFESSOR

Yes; he is so stupid! Somebody waves a red rag, and he charges *that*, ignoring the real enemy behind it! [PAULI, *aproned, enters L.*] But Pauli announces supper!

PAULI

Not yet! . . . Well, Carl?

CARL

My uniform can go back to the closet! [*He takes it to the bed-room.*] Listen! Already more troops than we can use!

PAULI

[*Delirious with joy; joining him*]: Carl! Carl!

BEHREND

[*As they are laying the uniform across the bed, and, perhaps, smuggling an embrace*]: Of what does that remind me? Carl . . . Carl . . . *Karlowitzer!!* I go home to supper!

PROFESSOR

But . . .

BEHREND

No use waiting, now that Carl remains with us! [PAULI *reappears, clinging to* CARL.] Ah, Pauli; you should remember the Spartan Women!

PAULI

They were savages! [*She closes the door behind her.*]

BEHREND

See you again, Pauli! [CARL *goes to him.*] And you . . . my boy! My heroic son! [*He masters his emotion, and passes the* PROFESSOR, *into the open doorway. Turns back to the* PROFESSOR, *tapping his pocket.*] Don't forget . . . if you change your mind. I may need *your* help later! [*He exits R.*]

PAULI

Carl . . . I'm so happy! Are you really *sure?* Father . . . ?

PROFESSOR

I will get a paper.

PAULI

But . . . father . . . ?

PROFESSOR

In times like these, it's ridiculous not to have the latest newspaper! [*He exits.*]

PAULI

Father's a pessimist. And father says a pessimist is anyone who lives with an optimist. . . . You *are* sure?

CARL

Practically!

PAULI

Who said . . . ?

CARL

Everybody!

PAULI

[*Almost crying*]: You don't know what a coward I've been! Every time the telephone rang . . .

CARL

[*Embracing her*]: Goose! They don't telephone!

PAULI

No?

CARL

No! The call comes by mail . . . in a long blue envelope!

PAULI

Oh, well, anyway, everything's all right now! Have you noticed the picture?

CARL

What picture?

PAULI

The picture that isn't there! Father sold it! He's lost his chair at the University, and he thinks I don't know! Poor baby! Now they'll send for him!

CARL

[*Smiles*]: Doubtlessly!

PAULI

And they'll produce your play!

CARL

No. Bergman says it's a bad play.

PAULI

Because it deals with the insanity of war. It will be a good play again when we are sane again.

CARL

I've changed my own views.

PAULI

Like everyone else . . . because a band is playing. You mustn't. More than ever, you must remind people that the enemy is hate—the real enemy. [*Conscious of quoting him, she smiles, and continues the quotation.*] Don't I make that clear?

CARL

[*Smiling*]: Yes.

PAULI

All this silly fury about nothing! Why, do you know, Mizzi had begun to hate Bruce!

CARL

[*Heartily*]: How idiotic!

PAULI

And I had begun to hate Mizzi! [*They are seated at the table;* PAULI *with her back to the door, and* CARL, *above the table, facing the door, so that his eye is caught instantly by the blue official envelope that now comes slowly through the slot. As he rises, staring at the intruder, she rattles on.*] And Mizzi to hate me! And now we don't have to hate anyone! [*She becomes conscious of his preoccupation.*] Do we?

CARL

[*His tone and outlook changed again by the summons*]: Well, of course, if they . . .

PAULI

What's wrong?

CARL

Nothing.

PAULI

Then sit down . . . and look at me. [*He obeys, and she takes his hand.*] Carl, darling, I couldn't tell you when I thought you were going away . . . [*Again his eyes go to the letter, and, during the next words, she becomes aware of, and hurt by his inattention.*] . . . but soon after we move into our new home . . . You're not listening.

CARL

Yes. [*He rises.*]

PAULI

[*She rises also*]: What is it?

CARL

Nothing. [*She turns; sees; starts toward the door. He intercepts her.*] A letter.

PAULI

In a blue envelope.

CARL

A circular.

PAULI

There's . . . no . . . stamp.

CARL

How can you see from here? Many circulars have no stamp. We mustn't . . .

PAULI

Then get it. [*He doesn't move. Like* PAULI, *he is staring, fascinated.*] *Get it,* Carl! I can't . . . wait! [*She leans against the table.* CARL *goes to the door; takes the envelope; opens it.*] Well?

CARL

[*Just glancing at the heading*]: Yes.

PAULI

But . . . *why?* You said . . .

CARL

Everybody said. . . . "There's no one left to fight!" [*The bell rings.*] It's a mistake! [*He opens the door, disclosing* FRITZ . . . *wild-looking, distraught, and a little drunk.*] You see . . . Fritz!

PAULI

[*As* FRITZ *steps into the room, leaving the door open*]: What is it?

FRITZ

We're at war with England!

CARL

Oh, that's it! . . . Damn them!

FRITZ

A blow in the dark! [*He sees the paper clutched in his friend's hand.*] What's that?

CARL

Our regiment! Tomorrow! Didn't you . . .

FRITZ

I haven't been home. I wanted to show you . . . [*Gives him a newspaper.*]

CARL

[*Reading*]: "England Declares War"!

[*Enter* BARUSKA. *She comes forward slowly, from the door L., carrying something for the table.*]

PAULI

Carl said . . .

FRITZ

It's very sudden! [*Pointing to the paper.*] Look! They asked a reply by midnight, and they didn't wait!

CARL

[*Reading*]: "British Army Mobilizing"!

FRITZ

They were all ready!

CARL

[*Reading*]: "Sending troops to Belgium"!

FRITZ

Let them! We'll drive them into the sea!

CARL

By God . . . yes!

BARUSKA

[*Singing*]: "No nation that opposes us" . . .

PAULI

Baruska!

CARL

[*Losing his head*]: Let her sing! It's on their account . . . We'll join in the chorus! Baruska . . . sing! [*Singing.*] "No nation that opposes us" . . . Sing, Pauli!

PAULI

Carl!

CARL, FRITZ AND BARUSKA

[*Singing*]: "No nation that opposes us
Has got an earthly chance!
God marches with our Eagles" . . .

[MIZZI *enters R.*]

MIZZI

What is it? Fritz . . . you've been drinking!

FRITZ

We're fighting England!

CARL

[*Giving her the paper*]: Look!

FRITZ

The more the merrier! [*Sings*] "We're going to rush the Russians" . . .

PAULI

Hush!

MIZZI

[*Reading*]: "Germans Assaulted in London"!

FRITZ

We can do that, too!

MIZZI

[*Reading*]: "Austrian Flag Dragged in the Mud"!

FRITZ

Already one Englishman has been beaten in the Franz-Joseph Strasse! There'll be others! The country is full of their spies! We'll clean 'em out . . . eh, Carl?

CARL

Every damned one of them!

PAULI

Not—Bruce?

CARL

But for Bruce and his countrymen we shouldn't be— Come on, Pauli, sing! Sing, everybody, sing!

OMNES

[*Except* PAULI . . . *joining, one by one, until they achieve a noisy chorus.*]

"God marches with our Eagles;
God victory will bring;
If the King of England fights us, *then*
God save the King!

[*In the open doorway stands* BRUCE. *He is very white. As he steps into the room, closing the door behind him, he faces* FRITZ. *A sudden dead silence.*]

BRUCE

What's happened?

FRITZ

[*A low growl*]: You . . .

BRUCE

Carl; what's happened?

CARL

You know!

BRUCE

I don't! I've been reading quietly in the University. Somebody tell me . . . Pauli—*you!*

CARL

[*Before she can answer*]: Keep away from my wife!

BRUCE

[*Amazed*]: What . . . ?

FRITZ

Your countrymen dragged our flag in the mud!

BRUCE

Where?

FRITZ

In London! [*Thrusting the newspaper under his nose.*] Read that!

PAULI

[*Intervening*]: Let's be fair! Bruce isn't in London, and he doesn't have to go! What do you say, Bruce?

BRUCE

Say?

PAULI

We are your friends.

BRUCE

England is my country.

PAULI

You gave me my husband. You wouldn't . . .

FRITZ

Wouldn't he? !

PAULI

Not Carl . . . ?

FRITZ

Carl, or me, or anybody! Friendship! This traitor from a land of traitors! ! !

BRUCE

[*He has turned away. Now, suddenly, violently, he turns back*]: A land of . . . England? England . . . asleep while you plotted World Dominion! England . . . trading quietly while jealous rivals schemed to crush her! For fifty years you've been preparing, and then because a crazy school-boy killed a fat bully . . .

MIZZI

Our beloved Archduke!

BRUCE

. . . you invade a peaceful nation at our very doors!

FRITZ

So your security was involved!

BRUCE

No . . . our honor! Don't talk of friendship! You have no friends! [*Crumpling the paper and throwing it down*] When you entered Belgium you became the Enemy of the World!

FRITZ

[*Starting forward*]: You . . .

PAULI

[*Intervening again*]: Wait! Don't you see he's saying the same thing we're saying? We're all saying the same thing, and believing it, and killing one another for it! [*With lifted face, and clasped hands.*] God in Heaven; what's it all about?

FRITZ

They dragged our flag in the mud!

CARL

Yes!

MIZZI

[*Suddenly reminded of the picture R.*]: And we're flying theirs!

FRITZ

What!

CARL

[*At the same time*]: No!

MIZZI

[*At the same time; pointing*]: There!

CARL

[*Moving toward it*]: The dirty rag!

BRUCE

Don't touch that flag.

CARL

What'll *you* do?

BRUCE

[*Murderously; so that* PAULI's *question is answered*]: Never mind! Don't touch it!

FRITZ

I spit on it! [*He leaps for the flag;* BRUCE *smashes him; and he falls back, across the table, his hand touching the carving knife. He seizes it, and jumps at* BRUCE.] You spy!

[BRUCE *grips him, but not quite in time. The two men stand together an instant, and then, as* FRITZ *steps back, we see* BRUCE's *hand and cuff a welter of blood. Everyone is sobered, and everyone cries out.*]

PAULI

Fritz!

CARL

[*Suddenly white and sick; clinging to the table*]: Bruce! Your arm! Look! Oh, my God!

[BRUCE *quietly, but defiantly, goes to his picture, lifts the flag from the frame, reverently, and puts it in his pocket. Then he picks up a napkin from the table to wrap about his cut. Blood stains the cloth, and* BARUSKA, *instinctively protective of the good linen, opens the bedroom door to get a towel. We hear marching feet.*]

PAULI

[*To* CARL]: Get a doctor.

BRUCE

It's nothing. I can take care of it.

PAULI

[*Ice*]: Then *go!* Go *now*, please!

[*He turns R. A noise off attracts general attention to the door R., which is flung open, admitting an excited* JAN.]

BRUCE

Jan!

JAN

[*Coming down C., above table*]: Mr. Carl! Marching orders! Barracks tomorrow!

MIZZI

Not *tomorrow!*

JAN

At daylight.

PAULI

Daylight?

JAN

Six o'clock.

MIZZI

[*Very quietly*]: Come, Fritz. Quickly.

FRITZ

[*Going*]: Yes.

MIZZI

We must go to Kurt. [*They exeunt R.*]

BARUSKA

[*Going L., and summoning* JAN]: Jan!

JAN

[*Following, sees* BRUCE, *who is standing C., a little dazed*]: You've hurt your hand. Come; I'll fix it. A little cold water. [*Leading him L.*] Just out in the kitchen. [BARUSKA *has gone. They follow her off L. A long silence. It is getting quite dark.*]

PAULI

[*Standing . . . looking straight ahead . . . through the window R. In a dead tone*]: Daylight.

CARL

[*His eyes have never left the bloody stain on the cloth in front of him. Now his knees give way, and he sinks into a chair in front of the table.*] Oh, my God!

[*The dimming lights grow dimmer . . . the tramping louder . . . and, in darkness, the curtain falls. Throughout the short intermission . . . with the least possible light in the auditorium . . . that tramping never ceases. It is still to be heard, as the lights go out again, and the curtain rises. At first we see nothing but the Winged Victory. It stands upon the table L., and the light of a small lamp . . . the only light in the room . . . illuminates it. Then another light . . . a very pale*

light . . . begins to steal through the window R. Vaguely, we make out PAULI, *standing where she stood before, but now with her hair braided and hanging over a heavy dressing gown that covers her night-dress.* CARL *sits where he sat before, but he is in uniform, and his fatigue cap is before him on the table.*]

PAULI

[*Announcing the dawn*]: Daylight.

CARL

Oh, my God! [*A pause.*]

PAULI

What time is it?

CARL

[*Rises, goes to the lamp, and glances at his wrist watch*]: Just five. [*A pause. We hear the tramping.* CARL *is drawn toward it.*]

PAULI

[*Hysterically*]: *And shut those doors!* I . . . I . . .

CARL

[*Doing so*]: I know. I forgot when I went in for my . . . [*He doesn't say "cap."*] We've got fifteen minutes.

PAULI

Fifteen minutes. A moment ago it was an hour. Time goes so quickly.

CARL

This last night together.

PAULI

It isn't the last night. Only for a little while. Do you remember . . . [*He clasps her hand.*]

CARL

A month ago. [*A pause.*] It was kind of your father to leave us. [PAULI *nods. A pause.*]

PAULI

Mizzi's light is still burning. All night. Poor little Mizzi!

CARL

Poor Bruce! [PAULI *sits . . . in the chair by the window.*] Pauli, I'll tell you something . . .

PAULI

Don't!

CARL

I *must* tell you! It made me ill. Blood always does that. When I was a boy . . .

PAULI

You're a man now!

CARL

Am I? [*She looks at him sharply.*] I'm not a soldier! This isn't my work!

PAULI

[*Taking his hand*]: Hush!

CARL

What will become of my work?

PAULI

When you come back . . .

CARL

What will become of you?

PAULI

I shall be waiting.

CARL

And if I don't . . . come back?

PAULI

I shall be waiting. [*A pause.*] What time is it?

CARL

[*Looking at his watch*]: Ten after.

PAULI

It *can't* be! . . . Is your watch right? [*He listens to its ticking, and nods.*] . . . I'm cold. [*He sits on the arm of the chair, and puts his arm about her.*

After a moment] There's another light now. Lights everywhere. Women everywhere. Other women's men . . . going. . . . Your hands are cold.

CARL

Yes.

PAULI

Let me warm them.

CARL

You can't. It's because . . . *I'm afraid!*

PAULI

[*Her nerves giving away*]: Don't say that!

CARL

[*Sinking upon his knees before her*]: I can't help it! I'm afraid! Father's right! I'm afraid of everything!

PAULI

No!!

CARL

[*Looking at her*]: Yes! I'm afraid of myself! I'm afraid of being afraid!

PAULI

[*Staring into his eyes—almost hypnotically*]: You're *not!*

CARL

You don't know! How can you? Listen! When I was doing my service . . . sacks . . . stuffed . . .

and we . . . with our bayonets . . . pressed . . . you could feel them . . . going in! I *had* to! And now . . . men! Other women's men! I can't!

PAULI

You must!

CARL

I can't! I'm afraid! I can't kill people! I can't hate anybody! I've tried! Bruce! All blood! I shall see thousands like that . . . with bloody arms, and . . . heads! Horses ripped open! Men stabbed and torn and blown to bits. Kill or *be* killed! I can't! I won't! I'll run away!

PAULI

[*Drawing his head into her lap, as though he were a frightened child*]: No, Carl.

CARL

Better now than . . .

PAULI

You won't run. You'll be brave.

CARL

[*Rising; erect; trembling*]: Brave!!

PAULI

[*Clutching his arm*]: For me.

CARL

For you?

PAULI

To come back to me.

CARL

I can't! You don't understand! What's the use lying! I'm a coward! I can't go! I'm afraid! I'm afraid! I'm *horribly* . . . HORRIBLY . . . afraid! ! ! [JAN *enters L. in full uniform . . . the light from the hall behind him.*]

JAN

[*Crisply; his manner changed with his dress*]: Lieutenant!

CARL

[*Straightening*]: Yes?

JAN

Time!

CARL

[*Clicking his heels, and turning sharply . . . a soldier*]: Go ahead! [*He gets his cap and crosses to* PAULI. JAN *exits R. Outside, we hear* FRITZ *and* MIZZI, *saying goodbye.*] Goodbye, Pauli.

PAULI

[*Her arms about him*]: Goodbye.

CARL

[*Significantly*]: Don't worry—about me.

PAULI

Oh, no! [*He starts for the door. She yields to an overwhelming impulse.*] *And Carl . . .*

CARL

[*Turning*]: Yes?

PAULI

[*She masters it*]: Nothing. I don't want you to worry about *me*, either.

[*We have heard the voices off stage: "Where's Carl?" "Coming!" "Oh, Fritz! Fritz!" And now:*]

FRITZ

[*Off R.*]: Carl! Ready?

CARL

[*Crisply*]: Ready!

[*He exits. Outside, we hear his voice joining* FRITZ'S *in farewell to* MIZZI, *and* MIZZI'S *hysterical responses . . . all dying out down the unseen stairs.* PAULI, *dry-eyed, sinks into the chair by the window.* MIZZI *enters; her face swollen from crying. She goes to* PAULI.]

MIZZI

They're gone! Almost without warning! We may never see them again! Poor Pauli! *I* have a child! [PAULI'S *hand opens and closes again convulsively.*] But you've got to face everything alone! Poor Pauli!

[*With mother eyes in an inscrutable face,* PAULI *looks straight ahead of her.* BARUSKA, *carrying a lamp, enters L., crosses the stage, and disappears into the hall-way.*] Poor Kurt! To grow up without a father! I never realized . . . Oh, Pauli! [*She sinks upon her knees.* PAULI, *still looking straight ahead of her, strokes* MIZZI'S *hair . . . mechanically.* BARUSKA *reappears R., closes the door, and is securing the chain as the curtain falls.*]

THE END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE: *The same rooms, but with a pronounced and depressing difference. The first thing that strikes the beholder is that they no longer contain anything of any possible value. With negligible exceptions, all the pictures have departed, leaving gaping, ugly, dirt-rimmed vacancies upon their former background. Victory remains . . . still upon her little table, which now stands in front of the window R. The typewriter, banked up with heaps of envelopes, is still upon the desk . . . obviously very much used . . . but this machine and the marble figure are the only remaining articles that could bring more than a few pennies. All the wedding gifts are gone, all the plaster casts and wood-carvings, most of the books, everything.*

The second thing that should occur to the observer is that the weather must be very cold, and the amunition for combatting it scant. There is a rim of frost on the window R. The outside hall is so polar that it affects the behavior of everyone who enters or exits. More eloquent still is the visible evidence that all life now centers about the tile stove. This contains fire . . . though not much. A basket near it contains wood . . . obviously of amateur cutting . . . but not much. And everything huddles about this stove. A

dining-room chair is in the corner beside it. The dining-room table—set up and down stage—is in front of it, L.C. Slippers and dishes are warming against and upon it. Between table and stove is the comfortable chair, facing front. A mop and a broom are in plain view. The most conspicuous object upon the table—which now lacks a cover—is the large standing frame, that once contained a photograph of Bruce Gordon, *and now contains one of* Carl Behrend. *The picture faces front, and before it stands a little vase containing a red paper flower. Also the sewing basket, which is crammed full of sewing, and contains a packet of letters, tied with a ribbon. There is a litter of baby clothing, in process of alteration, and an ash tray with three cigarette-ends . . . two extinguished and one still smoking. The* Professor's *pipe is in view, but it is empty, and there is no tobacco jar.*

In the bed-room, when the doors are open, we see the end of the bed, just sticking out from the intervening wall on the R. Between the windows is the dressing table, stripped of everything but essentials and bearing a medicine bottle, with a spoon and glass. In front of it is a chair. From a building across the street depends a single dirty, bedraggled, forgotten flag. The whole place reeks of poverty, worry, weariness, desolation and despair.

At Rise: *It is early afternoon of a gray day the first week in March, 1917. The difference in the rooms has its counterpart in the people we are to see again.*

They are all tired, indifferent, shabby and . . . since washing linen is difficult . . . not too clean. Everyone looks thin and pinched . . . what our grandmothers used to call peaked . . . and everyone is a little weak from under-nourishment. Everyone is pale. All of them might say, with the prisoner in "Reading Gaol," "something was dead in each of us, and what was dead was Hope." Everybody's clothes are old, and everybody's shoes are disreputable. Both women . . . PAULI *especially . . . have gray in their hair, and hands red from menial labor.* MIZZI *has become hard and bitter, but, in spite of her sufferings,* PAULI'S *voice and demeanor indicate great happiness . . . even gaiety. When the curtain rises, she is standing at the door R, calling to someone who has just gone. The door is not open very wide . . . because she is just about to shut it, and because of the temperature outside.*

PAULI

I won't forget. Thank you, Doctor. Goodbye.

[*She closes the door, shivering a little; the hall is very cold. She looks into the bed-room; leaves that door ajar . . . to hear any sound . . . and comes down to the stove L. Warms herself a moment; then turns to the picture of* CARL, *arranges the paper flower, picks up the photograph and, with sudden emotion, hugs it to her bosom. A peculiar rap . . . obviously an identifying signal, but not*

a gay one . . . and, just as Pauli *has replaced* Carl, Mizzi *enters R. She is hatless, but wears a short coat and woolen gloves.*]

Mizzi

Was that the Doctor?

Pauli

Yes, and the baby's *much* better!

Mizzi

[*Watching* Pauli *extinguish the lighted cigarette*]: Three cigarettes! He must have stayed a minute *this* time!

Pauli

[*Very carefully, she dusts the ashes from the cigarettes, and lays them neatly in a row on top of a small box*]: You can't blame the doctors. They're so busy at the hospitals.

Mizzi

And babies can't be patched up and sent back to fight!

Pauli

[*Impressed; she pauses an instant before emptying the ash-tray into the stove*]: No.

Mizzi

I suppose he prescribed more food.

PAULI

[*Observing that the fire is low, and taking as little wood as possible from the treasury*]: Milk with lime water. White of eggs with orange juice.

MIZZI

How long since you've seen an orange? [*Removing her gloves.*] Where did you get the wood?

PAULI

[*Stoking*]: Father cut it in the Prater.

MIZZI

You wear your coat in *my* flat! [*She opens the coat, and crosses to the stove.*]

PAULI

We built the fire for Carl.

MIZZI

When is he coming?

PAULI

[*Lifting a packet of letters from the sewing basket*]: They said not before evening.

MIZZI

[*Staring with greedy eyes*]: If I could hear something from Fritz!

PAULI

[*She has taken a letter from the bottom of the bundle, and reads*]: "Home the first week in March!"

MIZZI

Not a word since last August! The Russians took thousands of prisoners in August! Every day I go to headquarters! Every night . . . [*She struggles to master herself.*] You've had a lot of letters!

PAULI

[*Taking a paper from the top of the bundle*]: The first words on his typewriter!

MIZZI

Your luck was Carl's staying in France.

PAULI

Promoted for courage in action!

MIZZI

I heard regularly . . . until the regiment went East. That's where we've lost most men. Always victories . . . and more troops . . . more . . . always more . . . marching . . . marching . . . away and never heard of again! Where do they come from? Where do they go? From the schools to their death . . . almost from the cradle! Did you see that battalion yesterday? Babies! If only they wouldn't march up this street! Fritz . . .

PAULI

Fritz'll come back!

MIZZI

If I could only *know!*

PAULI

At least, you saw him when the regiment came through.

MIZZI

Yes.

PAULI

And Carl hasn't been home since he kissed me . . . over there . . . by the window. That's more than two years. He's never seen his own baby. But now . . . ! [*She tucks the "first words" into her bosom.*]

MIZZI

[*Desperately*]: Where's the sewing?

PAULI

[*Dividing it*]: What luck; your saving Kurt's baby clothes!

MIZZI

I hoped I might . . . need them again. [PAULI *fancies she hears a sound in the hall. She goes up, pretending to be anxious about the baby, but really listening for* CARL.]

PAULI

The doctor says most women cut up their sheets. [*She comes down.*]

MIZZI

Asleep?

PAULI

[*Sitting opposite her; both sewing*]: Nothing wakes him but the bands. Whenever a band passes, he cries.

MIZZI

Maybe he understands.

PAULI

We think he's a born critic! [*They smile.*] He'll be all right . . . as soon as we get some milk!

MIZZI

Didn't Baruska go to live on a farm?

PAULI

Yes, and we've written, and written, but mails are uncertain, and we can't afford journeys.

MIZZI

I'd write Mr. Behrend.

PAULI

I did.

MIZZI

But now that Carl's coming . . .

PAULI

I'll tell you a secret. I took advantage of that, and wrote again, and this morning I got an answer.

MIZZI

Forgiving . . . ?

PAULI

Forgiving everything. Of course, father insulted him dreadfully.

MIZZI

I know.

PAULI

He had a carload of rice, hidden somewhere, and he came for advice. Father said: "I'm busy. Please go."

MIZZI

Is that all?

PAULI

[*Shakes her head*]: Mr. Behrend turned at the door, and said: "I'll come back some day to see the baby."

MIZZI

And then?

PAULI

Father said: "Come back when you've sold your rice!" . . . "For what it cost," he said; "not a heller more, and not until then . . . you murderer!" [*She rises, and again uses the baby as a pretext to listen for a sound in the hall.*]

MIZZI

Even then—the baby's grandfather . . .

PAULI

You know Mr. Behrend. And you know father. He'd rather die than write or apologize. Father has nothing left but his pride and his principles. [*Returns.*] Anyway, he's coming, and all I've got to do is to tell father!

MIZZI

Where is the Professor?

PAULI

In the queue . . . waiting to buy food . . . since daylight.

MIZZI

[*Rising*]: That reminds me . . .

PAULI

Oh, you must stay for dinner! I'm keeping it warm until father comes!

MIZZI

[*Sitting again*]: Well, Kurt's at school . . .

PAULI

And Carl isn't due until supper . . . *Guess* what we're having!

MIZZI

[*Hungrily*]: For supper?

PAULI

Sausage!

MIZZI

Not really?

PAULI

[*Clearing the table*]: Of course, only enough for Carl! Father's selling the best picture. Judas. We'd rather counted on Judas, but it isn't every day that one's husband . . . [*She checks herself on observing* MIZZI.] What time is it?

MIZZI

[*Looking at a cheap wrist watch*]: Twenty past one.

PAULI

Time goes so slowly! [*Moving flower and photograph to desk R.*] There! By his typewriter! Carl loves bright colors! Father was for selling the typewriter, but I wouldn't, and now it pays its board addressing envelopes! [*Shows a heap of them.*] Mizzi! I'm going to wear my wedding dress. It's the only nice one left. . . . There! [*Flying to the door.*] I knew I heard something! [*Opening it.*] Mizzi! [*The* PROFESSOR *is disclosed, wiping his wet boots. His clothing is wet, too, and he looks cold, and old, and feeble. He carries a cheap string bag, containing bread and one or two other things.*] It's father! Have you got the sausage?

MIZZI

[*She has risen. Eagerly*]: And a newspaper? [*He comes into the room.*]

PAULI

Oh, my dear; you're wet through!

PROFESSOR

Only my coat. [PAULI *has put down his bag, and helps him remove his coat.*] It's not raining. Just a drizzle . . . Carl?

PAULI

Not yet.

PROFESSOR

Of course not. . . . And the baby?

PAULI

Doing beautifully . . . if only we had some milk and eggs.

PROFESSOR

If only.

MIZZI

Did you say you had a paper?

PROFESSOR

[*Giving it to her*]: The list of killed-and-wounded is longer than usual. More victories.

PAULI

[*Setting three plates, each with a knife, fork and spoon, upon the naked table*]: You see; it'll soon be over!

PROFESSOR

[*Taking off his wet boots*]: Don't worry! Fritz is probably quite happy somewhere in a hospital. You

can't rely on the lists. I'm not sure about the victories.

PAULI

[*Starting for the string bag*]: Did you get the sausage?

PROFESSOR

[*Reluctantly*]: No.

PAULI

Oh . . . then . . . we needn't have a fire in the kitchen! [*She takes out the loaf.*]

PROFESSOR

That bread cost seven thousand crowns. They kept changing the prices. Every time I counted my money again. Every few yards it was worth a little less.

PAULI

[*Taking them from the stove*]: Here are your slippers.

PROFESSOR

Whenever they chalked up a new figure people dropped out of the line. Mostly women . . . crying. Some men fought to get nearer and were beaten by the soldiers. I don't understand how money can be worth nothing.

PAULI

[*Getting a dish from the stove*]: Never mind, father.

PROFESSOR

The man next me said it was people selling short. Selling crowns they didn't have . . . *billions* . . . so the value goes down, and they can buy cheaper when the time comes to deliver. I don't believe that! I don't believe in all the world there's a man low enough to make a profit on the hunger of his countrymen!

PAULI

Dinner!

PROFESSOR

[*Going to the table*]: Parsnips.

PAULI

And herring!

MIZZI

[*Still reading her paper*]: "Another British Defeat."

PAULI

I wonder if Bruce . . .

PROFESSOR

[*Staring at the scant fare*]: The English are starving us!

MIZZI

[*Reading*]: "Merchant Ships Sunk Without Warning."

PAULI

How terrible!

PROFESSOR

Why?

PAULI

Women and children!

PROFESSOR

Why is it more terrible to *drown* women and children than to *starve* them? Anybody who's desperate enough will do anything! We're *all* barbarians! God damn . . . [*With hands upraised, in the act of cursing the English, he realizes his own madness, and, like a frightened child in the dark, cries:*] Pauli!

PAULI

Dear!

PROFESSOR

Don't let *me* hate! Don't let *me* become a barbarian! [*Weakly, he sinks down at the table.* PAULI *signals* MIZZI, *who draws up. A pause. The* PROFESSOR *bows his head.*] For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful.

PAULI

[*Rising again and cutting the bread. The others eat*]: What happened to Judas?

PROFESSOR

He went to a German.

PAULI

For thirty pieces of silver?

PROFESSOR

[*Shakes head*]: No one cares for beautiful things any more. All that is over.

MIZZI

Anyway . . . the Germans!

PAULI

They are our friends.

MIZZI

They got us into this! Is that friendship?

PAULI

[*The bread sticks to her knife. After each passage, the blade has to be wiped*]: This bread is dreadful! What do they put into it?

MIZZI

Sawdust.

PROFESSOR

Everything but flour.

MIZZI

We should make our own bread.

PAULI

[*Sitting*]: That takes fuel, and we're allowed only half a pound of flour a week.

MIZZI

One of the papers had a recipe for making bread without flour.

PAULI

[*Greatly interested*]: How?

PROFESSOR

[*Equally interested, and at the same time*]: Not really?

MIZZI

Horse-chestnuts.

PROFESSOR

That sounds palatable.

PAULI

And it shouldn't stick to the knife.

PROFESSOR

Or give anyone diseases of the skin.

MIZZI

I'll lend you the recipe.

PAULI

[*Her mind on the baby*]: If Baruska'd send us some milk. [*She goes up to listen.*]

PROFESSOR

Or the interest on the mortgage.

MIZZI

Or a goose . . .

PAULI

[*Coming down*]: With a great, round, brown belly!

PROFESSOR

Do you remember that goose?

PAULI

[*Remembering something else, and touching her dress above the "first words"*]: The first Sunday!

MIZZI

Bread and gravy!

PROFESSOR

White bread!

PAULI

And . . . Carl!

MIZZI

I had two helpings!

PAULI

[*Deliberately*]: And Mr. Behrend!

PROFESSOR

I wonder what he does now for his Karlowitzer! [*Imitating*] "Can one dress his wife in paper? That's what comes of writing!" We're dressing in paper, but writing isn't the reason.

PAULI

Speaking of Mr. Behrend . . .

PROFESSOR

We *won't* speak of him!

PAULI

But, father . . .

MIZZI

If we had that goose now!

PROFESSOR

Ah!

MIZZI

What part would you take?

PROFESSOR

I like the leg!

MIZZI

[*Scornfully*]: Oh, no; the breast!

PROFESSOR

[*Indignant*]: Foolishness! A fat leg with plenty of brown skin! But Pauli always forgets there are only two legs! Pauli, next time please remember . . . [*He remembers.*] Only two years ago!

MIZZI

Fritz was here, and we spoke of reducing armaments . . . and were worried about Carl's play . . . and such a lot of little things. And at dinner we argued about Art.

PROFESSOR

Now we talk only of food! . . . A million years of man, and five thousand of civilization! Five thousand

years to a million is as three months to a life-time! How much would the events of three months change our lives? And we talk of civilization!

PAULI

Father, I've written to Mr. Behrend.

PROFESSOR

[*All the fight gone out of him*]: Is he coming?

PAULI

This afternoon. [*The* PROFESSOR *nods surrender.*] You'll be *good?* [*He nods again. She embraces him tenderly. He clings to her. Partly to conceal her emotion she produces his pipe.*] Your reward!

PROFESSOR

But I've no . . .

PAULI

[*Producing them from beneath the table, where she put them in clearing away*]: The doctor left three cigarettes.

PROFESSOR

Ah! [*He slits the papers; fills his pipe; lights it, and, with every puff, comes nearer reconciliation.*]

PAULI

[*Gathering up her dishes*]: I must take these to the kitchen!

MIZZI

I'm going, too. Rap on my door if you want me. [PAULI *nods, and, with a final happy look at her father, exits L., singing.* MIZZI *pats the* PROFESSOR'S *hand, lying on the table.*] *Remember!* [*And she begins putting on her coat.*]

PROFESSOR

Mizzi! [*She looks at him. Puffing contentedly, he beckons. She returns.*] *I* wrote Behrend.

MIZZI

You!

PROFESSOR

Twice.

MIZZI

He didn't answer?

PROFESSOR

No more than Baruska. He's a great scoundrel . . . Behrend. No; a little scoundrel. I doubt that he can help much.

MIZZI

Pauli says you . . .

PROFESSOR

I only called him a murderer. He was glad to be rid of us . . . because we're disgraced pacifists! He wouldn't come now but for Carl!

MIZZI

Nevertheless . . . be good! [*She opens the door R. disclosing someone about to ring the bell.*] Oh! Did you wish to see . . .

BARUSKA

[*Entering*]: Why, Mrs. Winckelman!

[MIZZI *recognizes her. The process is gradual because* BARUSKA *has ceased to look like a servant. In a general way, she looks more like a gaily decorated float at a carnival. She is dressed in her best, which is new, expensive and Bohemian—a riot of colors and feathers. Her only discordant utilitarian touch is a basket, with shoulder straps, but this she carries.*]

MIZZI

Baruska!

PROFESSOR

[*Looks up*]: Baruska!

MIZZI

And looking . . . grand.

BARUSKA

We've got a piano.

MIZZI

Really? I've got a little boy, and I must be going! [*She exits R.*]

BARUSKA

Ain't you gonna ask me to sit down?

PROFESSOR

Of course. [*She does.*] We've written you . . .

BARUSKA

We didn't get any letters. Father was coming to see you, but things always brought so much he hadn't the heart not to sell 'em.

PROFESSOR

[*Glancing toward the bed-room*]: He hadn't the heart . . .

BARUSKA

Today *I* came in . . . with eggs . . . the first time . . . and *eggs* . . . well, I've only got five left! I was thinking of you, and Miss Pauli, and, when I'd sold my first half dozen, suddenly I thought of the mortgage!

PROFESSOR

Really?

BARUSKA

[*Nods*]: Half a dozen eggs, and the money in my hand, and, all at once I says: "Why, that's more than the mortgage!"

PROFESSOR

[*Astounded. He hasn't thought of shrinkage in connection with that hoarding*]: More than . . .

BARUSKA

Certainly! Ten thousand crowns I had, and the mortgage is seven! And some interest! [*Raising her skirts to get the money from her petticoat.*] Ain't it funny? So many years, and now I've come to pay off the mortgage!

PROFESSOR

It *is* funny.

BARUSKA

[*Taking a bill from her roll*]: Ten thousand.

PROFESSOR

[*A little stampeded*]: I didn't realize . . . As you say . . . so many years . . . savings. How much *are* eggs?

BARUSKA

Two thousand crowns each.

PROFESSOR

The loaves and fishes! My nest-egg has become *three!*

BARUSKA

Four! [*He hesitates.*] But they're going up—milk and eggs! [*He remembers the phrase and* BARUSKA *proffers the money.*] You can keep the change!

PROFESSOR

Will you give me the eggs instead?

BARUSKA

Why not? [*She takes them out of the basket.*] All five! They're no good to me! I've got a train to catch! Here! [*She gives them to him, and, with infinite care, he puts them on the table.*]

PROFESSOR

I'll mark the mortgage "Received payment." [*He unlocks a drawer and brings down to the table a heavy metal box, which he unlocks also. In it are two papers. The size and security of the box are in absurd disproportion to the value of its contents.*]

BARUSKA

Where's Miss Pauli?

PROFESSOR

Out.

BARUSKA

And the baby?

PROFESSOR

Sleeping.

BARUSKA

I'd like to see the baby.

PROFESSOR

Doubtlessly. [*He is writing on the mortgage. She is looking about.*]

BARUSKA

What's happened to your pictures?

PROFESSOR

Sold.

BARUSKA

Why?

PROFESSOR

You can't eat pictures.

BARUSKA

[*Pointing to the Winged Victory*]: You didn't sell that.

PROFESSOR

No. Victory is still ours.

BARUSKA

Want to?

PROFESSOR

Well . . .

BARUSKA

How much?

PROFESSOR

It's very expensive.

BARUSKA

I'll give you a hundred thousand.

PROFESSOR

No.

BARUSKA

Two.

PROFESSOR

In eggs and milk?

BARUSKA

[*Nodding*]: Good measure!

PROFESSOR

Take her! And here's your mortgage!

BARUSKA

[*Putting the figure into her basket*]: Come on, my lady! You belong to us now! [*Starting for the door.*] I'd like to see Miss Pauli.

PROFESSOR

Next time.

BARUSKA

When I bring the milk. [*She opens the door.*] Goodbye. And give my love to Miss Pauli.

[*She exits R., leaving the door open. The* PROFESSOR, *who has responded to her adieus, returns to his strong box, and takes out the other paper. It is his life insurance. He looks at it, and from it to the eggs, and from them in the direction of* PAULI. *He decides to tell her the good news, and is putting away the policy, when he becomes aware of a chill from the open door. He turns. In the doorway stands* BEHREND. BEHREND, *of course, is not*

grotesque, and for that, and other reasons, his visible prosperity and contentment are in sharper contrast with the physical and mental state of the people who live in this house. Costly his habit as his purse can buy, and, as Polonius said further, the apparel "proclaims the man." His overcoat is trimmed with fur . . . comfortable and ostentatious. He is smoking a cigar. His whole appearance is a bad start . . . a severe trial of faith to an hungry pacifist. Moreover, success has added to BEHREND'S *self-confidence. His first question is a challenge.*]

BEHREND

Shall I come in?

PROFESSOR

We invited you. [BEHREND *closes the door behind him.*] Take off your coat.

BEHREND

[*Accepting the invitation*]: My son hasn't arrived?

PROFESSOR

We're expecting him presently.

BEHREND

[*Throwing the coat over a chair*]: How's the baby?

PROFESSOR

[*Resolutely ignoring the coat's fur lining*]: Better soon; he's going to have milk and eggs.

BEHREND

He could have had them before if one of his grandfathers hadn't been a fool!

PROFESSOR

[*Quickly*]: And the other a . . . [*Checks himself. Cordially*] Sit down. [BEHREND *sits.*] What's the news?

BEHREND

Always the same! No stopping us! Not even by corrupting our own people!

PROFESSOR

The Czechs?

BEHREND

[*Nods*]: Only foreigners stoop to such treachery! They haven't our spirit, our willingness to make sacrifices, our conviction of a righteous cause! . . . Have a cigar?

PROFESSOR

[*Accepting eagerly*]: Thanks. [*He puts it in his pocket.*]

BEHREND

And now America threatens! Because of the Lusitania! They were warned by the German Legation!

PROFESSOR

As our Archduke was warned by Serbia!

BEHREND

That's different! However, they won't fight! Nobody fights for principle! There are ten million Germans in America . . . and we're reaching them!

PROFESSOR

As *they* reached the Czechs! . . . But that's different!

BEHREND

Quite!

PROFESSOR

Doubtlessly!

BEHREND

[*Giving him another cigar*]: *Smoke* this one. [*The* PROFESSOR *obeys.*] With America in, there would be an end of civilized warfare! It's bad enough to use black savages . . . but Indians! Did you ever hear of scalping?

PROFESSOR

Oh, yes!

BEHREND

You see, that's really a barbarous country! They burn people alive . . . negroes! It's incredible! God's mercy they can't get by our submarines! But, anyway, America won't fight! They're selling munitions! [PAULI *enters L.*]

PAULI

[*Going to him*]: Mr. Behrend!

BEHREND

[*Correcting and reminding her . . . gently*]: Father!

PAULI

[*Dubiously*]: Yes. [*Turning to her own father, she spies the treasure upon the table, and quickly turns back to* BEHREND.] You brought some eggs!

BEHREND

Well . . .

PAULI

How kind! [*Mistaking the embarrassment; apprehensively*] What are you talking about?

BEHREND

About savages.

PAULI

[*Listening at the bed-room door*]: Savages?

BEHREND

Foreigners.

PROFESSOR

[*Laughing*]: Oh, come now . . .

BEHREND

Don't you read the papers? They drop bombs on hospitals and churches. They cut off the hands of little children!

PROFESSOR

And . . . what is worse . . . they probably say the same things of us!

BEHREND

You don't believe it?

PROFESSOR

Do you?

BEHREND

If you are a patriot you are bound to believe in outrages! They are necessary to stimulate public feeling!

PROFESSOR

Wherever men . . . of all kinds . . . including the lowest . . . are turned loose, drunk with blood and hate, there will be certain excesses!

BEHREND

Excesses! [*Rising.* PAULI, *alarmed, hovers over them.*] Really, my dear Arndt! Do you defend the destruction of cathedrals?

PROFESSOR

It isn't important.

BEHREND

What! ! !

PROFESSOR

When we are destroying millions of men!

BEHREND

You condone outrages upon women?

PROFESSOR

All war is an outrage upon women! All the outrages that follow are as nothing beside that! The supreme criminal is not the animal in the trenches, but the statesman who declares war!

BEHREND

[*Furious*]: Arndt!

PAULI

[*Quickly*]: You haven't seen the baby.

BEHREND

[*Distracted*]: That's true.

PAULI

[*At the door*]: He's the image of Carl. [*She beckons.*] Look. [*On tiptoe,* BEHREND *goes up, peeps, and exits into the bedroom.* PAULI *shakes her finger at her father; then:*] When I come back, I'll take the eggs to the kitchen.

[*She exits after* BEHREND. *Reminded of the treasure, the* PROFESSOR *picks up three eggs, and looks for a place to put them. One all but slips from his hand. What an escape from catastrophe! He glances about worried, and there, directly at hand, is the strong-box! He takes out his insurance policy, tosses it to one side, and, in its place, with*

infinite care, lays the five eggs. An instant later, PAULI *re-opens the door.* BEHREND *re-enters, wearing a vacant smile, and is followed on by* PAULI.]

BEHREND

The Behrend brow!

PAULI

I always said, "I shall have Carl while I have his baby!"

BEHREND

A fine boy! [PAULI, *gratified, takes the box of eggs from the* PROFESSOR. BEHREND *is digging into his pocket.*] I don't do things by halves! A gold-piece for each month! [*And he planks the pile upon the table.*]

PAULI

Oh! [*Gasping.*]

PROFESSOR

If he were only my age! [*They all laugh.*]

PAULI

I'll bring back your box! [*Exits L.*]

BEHREND

[*Who has swaggered down R.*]: Heard about Muller?

PROFESSOR

At the University?

BEHREND

[*Nods*]: Won a medal.

PROFESSOR

[*Excited*]: Cancer?

BEHREND

[*Contemptuously*]: No! Poison gas! Great man . . . Muller!! [*He looks at the bed-room door.*] Fine boy, that! Small, but the square chin of my family!

PROFESSOR

[*Smiles. He is lighting his cigar, and is in an excellent humor*]: My country is the greatest in the world. My city is the greatest in the country. My street is the finest in the city. My house is the best in the street. I am the head of my house . . . And we call that patriotism!

BEHREND

[*Not annoyed; honestly puzzled*]: Have you no pride of race?

PROFESSOR

We are all of so many races.

BEHREND

Well, then, of country?

PROFESSOR

[*With real exaltation*]: I am very proud of being an Austrian!

BEHREND

And still . . .

PROFESSOR

[*Laughing*]: I am proud of being a professor. That doesn't make me want to kill all the lawyers!

BEHREND

But you would defend your home?

PROFESSOR

By making it impossible to attack it! [*He laughs again.*] Don't ask me to sleep with a pistol in my hand, and be proud of the civilization that makes it necessary!

BEHREND

This is a war to end war!

PROFESSOR

So was the Franco-Prussian War!

BEHREND

These people who starve us . . .

PROFESSOR

As we starved *them* in '71!

BEHREND

They must be crushed to make the world safe! And then . . .

PROFESSOR

Then comes a Peace Conference.

BEHREND

Yes.

PROFESSOR

And war always begins with the peace conferences! This war began in 1871!

BEHREND

[*Beginning to be irritated*]: When we shook hands with our adversary!

PROFESSOR

And took his watch!

BEHREND

What . . . ?

PROFESSOR

Alsace-Lorraine.

BEHREND

[*Springing up*]: You wouldn't have us give back . . . thousands of square miles? !

PROFESSOR

To keep which we have kept sixteen million armed men!

BEHREND

Originally it belonged to us!

PROFESSOR

Whoever it belonged to, it has cost ten million lives! Is any strip of territory worth that . . . to anybody?

BEHREND

A population of two million . . .

PROFESSOR

Who spoke another tongue! What of *their* pride of race? For half a century, French school children have been taught that they must get back Alsace-Lorraine! When will we learn that, while pride of race survives, God makes the only lasting boundaries?

[*Unseen by them,* PAULI *appears in the bed-room doorway. She is dressing, and has thrown a cloak about her. She carries the strong box.*]

BEHREND

Our people would never have consented!

PROFESSOR

Our people were never asked! A few generals wanted Metz "for strategic purposes!" When will we learn that friendship is the only strategy, and good-will a greater protection than machine guns?

BEHREND

All nations hold what they have won!

PROFESSOR

How long? Five thousand years of war . . . from the beginning of history . . . and what have they accomplished? Always the vanquished return to their flags and their faith! The real conquests are of peace!

From Sesostris to Napoleon, who holds what he has won?

PAULI

Here's your strong box. [*She indicates the gold.*]

BEHREND

I must say . . . for a pacifist . . . !

PAULI

[*Laughing . . . to restore good humor*]: Have you never heard of a fighting pacifist?

PROFESSOR

I don't fight! I dislike no one!

PAULI

Very well! Don't wake the baby! [*She returns to the bed-room.* BEHREND *closes the door after her. When he turns back, the* PROFESSOR *is looking at his insurance policy, before restoring it to the box.*]

BEHREND

What's that?

PROFESSOR

My life insurance.

BEHREND

When does it mature?

PROFESSOR

Next September.

BEHREND

Turn it in now. Money is going down fast. I'd do it tomorrow.

PROFESSOR

Tomorrow?

BEHREND

By the end of the week . . . who knows? Every day billions of crowns are dumped on the market!

PROFESSOR

[*Incredulous*]: You mean people are "selling short"?

BEHREND

Exactly!

PROFESSOR

I don't believe it!

BEHREND

My friend, a month ago I sold five hundred million crowns! Today I can buy them back at half the price. A clear gain of two hundred and fifty millions!

PROFESSOR

You? ! ! !

BEHREND

In another week it will be five hundred millions! Every heller the crown drops now is so much profit to me!

PROFESSOR

[*Still incredulous*]: That is . . . when the crown is worth less . . . ?

BEHREND

I am worth more! Five hundred millions! That's money! ! !

PROFESSOR

No; not money! ! Blood and tears! ! !

BEHREND

[*Trying to be patient*]: My dear Arndt, I don't want to quarrel . . .

PROFESSOR

God keep me from hate!

BEHREND

But really . . .

PROFESSOR

Go!

BEHREND

You say . . .

PROFESSOR

What I said before! Go, and don't come back! You murderer!

BEHREND

I want to see Carl!

PROFESSOR

[*Glancing at the bed-room door*]: He won't want to see you—when he knows!

BEHREND

Knows?

PROFESSOR

You're betting with his life; making a profit on his agony!

BEHREND

Just phrases! Carl's no worse off because I'm better off! One takes what he can get!

PROFESSOR

Blood money!

BEHREND

You take it!

PROFESSOR

What? ! ! !

BEHREND

[*Pointing*]: Twenty-three gold pieces!

PROFESSOR

[*With a single sweep, he brushes them from the table*]: Take them!

BEHREND

You're mad!

PROFESSOR

[*He is, indeed*]: From the floor! On your knees! On your belly! Crawl! You can't stoop as low to get them back as you stooped to get them!

BEHREND

[*Furious, at last*]: You damned pacifist!

PROFESSOR

You damned traitor!

[PAULI *re-enters. She is wearing a gray silk wedding dress . . . not yet hooked . . . under the same long and shabby cloak. The quarrel has not been noisy, and, when she opens the door, she is in ignorance of it.*]

PAULI

I'm going for Mizzi . . . to hook my dress. [*She sees the two men glaring and then the gold pieces scattered about the floor.*] Father! The money! [*He doesn't reply.*] I'll pick it up!

PROFESSOR

No! [*They look at each other.*] I'm sorry. Go get Mizzi. [*He starts to kneel. She intervenes.*] *Please* go!

[*She understands, and, drawing her cloak about her, exits R. Piece by piece, the* PROFESSOR *picks up the money.* BEHREND, *bitter and unrelenting, watches him a moment; then gets his fur-lined coat, and is putting it on, when, through the open door R., comes* JAN. *He is a pitiable object . . . dirty, unshaved, his hair and beard matted, his eyes blood-shot, his uniform smeared and tattered. A wreck of a man with a wreck of a mind. He staggers into the room as if in a trance . . . staring.* BEHREND *stares, too . . . at him. The* PROFESSOR *doesn't recognize him. Suddenly sure*

of his surroundings, JAN *gives vent to a sobbing cry.*]

JAN

Home!

BEHREND

Who is it?

PROFESSOR

[*Struggling to his feet*]: Jan!

JAN

[*Blubbering*]: I'm safe! I'm home!

BEHREND

Where's my son?

JAN

I don't know. Don't ask me. [*He is about to sink down.*]

PROFESSOR

[*Seizing him by both arms*]: Where's Carl?

JAN

Dead.

BEHREND

The man's crazy!

PROFESSOR

When? How?

JAN

[*Shaking himself free; still blubbering; shutting out the sight he still sees*]: I don't know! Don't ask me! *For God's sake, don't ask me!*

PAULI

[*Talking to* MIZZI, *off stage R.*]: It's my wedding dress.

PROFESSOR

Pauli!

PAULI

[*Off R.*]: And hooks all over everywhere.

PROFESSOR

[*To* JAN]: Don't say any more now!

MIZZI

[*Off R.*]: Just where you can't get at them!

BEHREND

[*To* JAN]: You're *sure?*

PROFESSOR

Don't! We must break it to her! Jan . . . stand there . . . and say nothing! Quickly!

[*He has tried to get* JAN *out of the way, but* JAN *is not easily moved, and only gets so far that* PAULI, *entering, runs straight into him. The* PROFESSOR *falls back, beaten.*]

PAULI

[*As she comes on—to* MIZZI]: Carl tried to help me out of it, and broke his finger nail. Poor Carl! You would have thought he . . . [*She sees* JAN, *but hardly identifies him.*] Jan! [*To* MIZZI, *who has entered behind her.*] *Carl's home! !*

PROFESSOR

Not yet.

PAULI

[*Crossing to C.*]: Oh, I know Carl's jokes! He's hiding! Carl! Don't be silly! Carl! I want to see you!

PROFESSOR

Pauli!

BEHREND

My boy!

PAULI

[*Looks at* BEHREND *with growing alarm*]: What do you mean? [*She turns to* JAN.] Where's Carl?

JAN

I don't know. [*They stare at each other. She is drawing the truth from his eyes.*]

PROFESSOR

He's been detained. He's been hurt. He's been . . .

PAULI

Killed.

PROFESSOR

We're not sure. We must wait!

MIZZI

Don't say that! Anything's better than waiting!

PAULI

Oh, no! Go in to the baby! [MIZZI *opens the bedroom door, but doesn't go in.*] Jan! What's hap-

pened? [*To them all.*] If you think you're doing me a kindness . . . ! ! [*Turns back.*] JAN! ! !

JAN

[*As though hypnotized*]: He's dead.

PAULI

How? . . . He was coming home.

JAN

Yes; we was coming home.

PAULI

Go on. [*The* PROFESSOR *moves to her. She puts him aside.*]

JAN

It was a long trench. And night. And raining. Part of the trench was covered. We was coming back from the first line. The whole company. Miles. Black. We got lost.

PROFESSOR

Yes?

JAN

Miles . . . bent double . . . in the dark . . . and mud . . . and we was tired . . . and we kept taking the wrong way. Outside it was hell. Big guns. I said, "I can't go on," and the Captain put his hand on my shoulder . . . and I could hear his wrist watch ticking.

PAULI

Oh!

JAN

And I dropped back . . . a little. And then . . . I don't know what happened. A mine . . . maybe . . . or a shell. Right ahead everything went to pieces. Up in the air. In a big flame. Men, too. One man I saw with his head off. There was another with his guts hanging . . .

PROFESSOR

Never mind that!

PAULI

Carl?

JAN

I don't know. It was hell. Like day . . . with the guns . . . and the rockets . . . and the shells. And behind us the trench was caved in, and we couldn't go back. We fell down on our faces, and dug into the mud. And it rained water, and bullets, and shrapnel. Next to me a man was shot in the throat. And in front of us . . . almost near enough to touch . . . was the men who'd been blown up.

BEHREND

All . . . dead?

JAN

And the bullets chugging into their bodies . . . Tearing open their bloody faces. Hours. Like that. In the mud, and blood, and water. You couldn't reach 'em. Nobody could reach 'em. One man *wasn't* dead . . .

PROFESSOR

Stop it! For God's sake . . . STOP!

[*A long pause. Off stage, beneath the bed-room windows, a band is approaching. One hears the drums in the distance.*]

MIZZI

More troops.

PAULI

Go in to the baby. He'll waken. [MIZZI *goes.*]

JAN

[*Sinking down, with his head in his hands*]: Oh, Christ!

PROFESSOR

Pauli! Be brave! Don't look like that! Pauli!

PAULI

He was coming home.

BEHREND

You've got your baby. [*The drums are very loud.*]

PAULI

More troops.

JAN

Oh, Christ!

MIZZI

[*In a frantic scream from the bed-room*]: Pauli! Pauli! Pauli!

[PAULI *turns; hesitates; then runs into the bed-room. There is a crash of drums. Then that noise recedes, and, far down the street, faintly, is heard another band, playing, "We're Going to Rush the Russians." PAULI reappears. Her cloak has fallen off; we see her gray silk wedding dress.*]

PAULI

My baby's dead.

PROFESSOR

No! No! No!

PAULI

The drums didn't wake him. He's cold. Don't go in. I know. [*Nevertheless, the* PROFESSOR *starts up.* MIZZI *appears in the doorway. He looks at her. She nods. He drops back.*] My baby's dead!

MIZZI

Pauli . . . darling!

PAULI

Listen! More troops! More! Always more! Where do they come from? From the ends of the earth! From the beginning of history . . . to the end of time! Marching! Babies still unborn . . . their mothers still unborn . . . marching!

MIZZI

Stop her!

PROFESSOR

Pauli! [*Above the distant music, a near trumpet sounds "assembly."*]

PAULI

[*Suddenly; triumphantly;* BUT VERY QUIETLY]: Not *my* baby! *He* won't answer your trumpets! He'll never feel mud, and agony, and the bullets tearing up his face! I've nothing more to feed your guns! [*The band is passing.*] My baby's safe! [*The curtain begins to fall.*] My baby's dead! Thank God! *Thank God!* THANK GOD!

[*The music is dying down the street as the curtain reaches the stage.*]

THE END OF ACT III

ACT IV

SCENE: *Cheerfulness has returned to the rooms. Very little else has returned to them, the pictures, and casts, and wedding gifts still being conspicuous by reason of their absence, but there is tidiness and hope, and business and bustle, besides whatever articles are necessary to comfort . . . these being cheap replacements, but sufficient. There is even one new piece of furniture . . . a typewriter table, which sets up and down stage R.C. Upon it stands the typewriter, stripped for action, and with papers all around it. R. of the table, a dining-room chair. The tiny table from the bed-room, down stage of the window R., bears nothing except a cover, upon which set the photograph of* CARL BEHREND, *and, in front of it, a vase with a fresh red flower. In front of the typewriter table, and on its L., the big comfortable chair. The desk is still in its place, stationary since the first act . . . unmoved, as desks are likely to be unmoved, by anything. The circular table, with its electric lamp restored, is in front of the stove L., and bears the books and pencils and papers belonging to the* PROFESSOR.

PAULI, *widowed and childless, has moved back to her "cubby-hole," so that the dining-room furniture is where it was in Act I. The curtains are the same as*

they were in Act II. The table is covered and partially set. Beside the stove, L., is a big English travelling bag, with the initials "B. G.," and labels that show its migrations between Vienna and London.

At Rise: *It is late afternoon of a glorious June day . . . June 29th, 1919 . . . five years after Act I. Although the hour is past five, this being one of the longest days in the year, the rooms are again flooded with warm sunshine.* Pauli *enters R., followed by the* Professor. *They have been to a matinee, and are neatly and respectably, though cheaply dressed. The* Professor *is more vigorous, but beginning to be the least bit querulous.* Pauli's *hair is quite white . . . or, at least, heavily streaked with gray. She is very happy.*

Professor

[*Coming into the room, and disposing of his hat and stick at L.*]: Bruce *loved* it!

Pauli

[*Taking off her hat*]: Yes. [*She goes straight to the picture down R.*] Do you hear that, Carl? Your friend has seen your play, and *loves* it!

Professor

[*He goes straight to his pipe*]: I wish you wouldn't talk to that picture!

Pauli

I don't.

PROFESSOR

I know. I'm getting crabbed.

PAULI

You mustn't . . . with Carl's play a success and Bruce back home. The same Bruce. I wonder what's kept him.

PROFESSOR

He took his friend to the hotel.

PAULI

But they rode and we walked. Oh, I *hope* he buys the play!

PROFESSOR

Yes. English money has some value.

PAULI

And Carl will be so proud of a production in London! Too bad they couldn't have got here for the first night . . . to hear the people cheering that speech about hate!

PROFESSOR

They'd've stoned him for it a year ago!

PAULI

And today they yelled "Bravo!"

PROFESSOR

Too late for Carl!

PAULI

Too late for ten million Carls! But it may help a little for the Carls to come! [*The bell rings.*] Here's Bruce! [*She opens the door R., disclosing "the same* BRUCE."] Don't ring! You *live* here! . . . Well?

BRUCE

September in London!

PROFESSOR

And the terms?

BRUCE

[*Producing a memorandum*]: Two hundred pounds in advance.

PROFESSOR

[*Incredulous*]: Two hundred . . . ?

BRUCE

[*Giving him the memo, which he takes to the little table for calculation*]: Payable tonight at eight when we dine with Gaunt!

PAULI

What kept you?

BRUCE

We met Bergman. He told us he'd never doubted the play a moment. And he introduced us to the boy who wrote "We're Going to Rush the Russians."

PROFESSOR

And didn't.

BRUCE

[*Puzzled*]: Didn't write . . . ?

PROFESSOR

Didn't *rush* . . . anybody! But he made a good deal of money telling other people to do it!

PAULI

Ssch! Ssch!

BRUCE

Well, anyway, the young man said the play was pro-English.

PAULI

The papers said that, too.

BRUCE

In England they'll say it's pro-German. People don't understand the effort to be pro-Human. Anyway, Bergman confesses it's a success, and admits he's responsible!

PROFESSOR

Is it possible to earn an hundred and fifty pounds? !

BRUCE

Yes.

PROFESSOR

In a week?

BRUCE

Gaunt says so.

PROFESSOR

But that is fifty-two million crowns! More than I make in a year at the University! Today we have coffee! We shall be as rich as Behrend! We have little cakes with our coffee! Where's my hat? [*He finds it.*] Perhaps we have sugar! Tell Jan! And don't be surprised if I bring butter! We're millionaires! [*He exits R. The others laugh. A pause.* PAULI *goes down to her shrine, and arranges the flower.* BRUCE *looks at her.*]

BRUCE

Your hair's very beautiful.

PAULI

It turned white quickly . . . afterward.

BRUCE

Tell me what happened. [*She looks straight ahead of her; the red flower in her hand.*] You wrote so little, and we haven't been alone since my arrival this morning.

PAULI

You know what happened.

BRUCE

Yes; *that.*

PAULI

[*Dismissing "that." She goes to the typewriter, and sits, assorting papers. Her tone is matter-of-fact; without bitterness; almost cheerful*]: To the end we believed ourselves triumphant. Even in October the papers were full of victories. And then . . . suddenly . . . that flood of panic-stricken soldiers. The rest you see.

BRUCE

Yes.

PAULI

Chaos and despair. Buildings with their plaster fronts scaling away. We call that Vienna Leprosy. The streets crowded with beggars and cripples.

BRUCE

It's the same in London.

PAULI

[*Not hearing*]: The fruits of Defeat.

BRUCE

And of Victory.

PAULI

[*In a different tone*]: Have you been to the University?

BRUCE

Yes.

PAULI

Then you've seen the Memorial. Carl Behrend at the very top!

BRUCE

I could just make it out.

PAULI

The names are fading. However, it doesn't matter. No one goes to the University.

BRUCE

There are crowds in the coffee houses.

PAULI

Oh, yes . . . profiteers. That kind of people rule everything. We still pay for the Emperor's carriage, only now it belongs to a Butcher.

BRUCE

[*Again warmly*]: Tell me about *you*.

PAULI

Me? Oh, I'm earning quite a lot with your typewriter!

BRUCE

And the Professor . . . back at the University?

PAULI

They sent for him.

BRUCE

But he's still a pacifist!

PAULI

Oh, everyone is a pacifist *now!* Especially the soldiers!

BRUCE

And Behrend?

PAULI

Very rich, and more pompous than ever . . . since "The Enemy." He comes here quite often, and he'd like to help, but, of course, we don't need it.

BRUCE

[*Moving toward her*]: Pauli, I'd like to . . . [JAN *enters.*]

PAULI

Jan . . . coffee for three.

JAN

Coffee?

PAULI

And ask Mrs. Winckelman to come over.

BRUCE

Oh, not yet. . . .

PAULI

[*To* JAN]: Don't say who's here. [*As he goes R.*] Jan can't find work, so we've adopted him.

JAN

[*At door R.*]: Yes; after all the glory! A hero! Twice mentioned! Those were the days! Thrill and

excitement! The big guns, and the shells . . . like fireworks . . . and your life or the other fellow's! There was something *to* that! Now I'm stewing coffee! [PAULI *starts to speak.*] I'm going! [*He exits.*]

PAULI

[*Forestalling expostulation from* BRUCE]: Mizzi's the worst off.

BRUCE

Fritz came home?

PAULI

Yes, and he's back on the paper, but they don't really want him. He was badly used up . . . a prisoner, and months getting back from Russia. You should have seen him . . . all filth, and great sores, and the bones coming through his skin. Now . . . well, you can't blame him . . . when you think what he suffered. But, Bruce, can you understand? . . . I'm glad it's not Carl! [JAN *re-enters.*]

JAN

[*Crossing the stage*]: She says "in ten minutes."

PAULI

Coffee for *four.* [JAN *grunts, and exits L.*]

BRUCE

[*Resolution with his warmth*]: Pauli . . .

PAULI

[*Quickly*]: So you were a soldier. You'd just graduated. Why didn't you go as a doctor?

BRUCE

Even in war, there are limits to butchery!

PAULI

Did you hate us?

BRUCE

You? ! . . . And Carl? What do you think was the first thing I did in London?

PAULI

Enlisted?

BRUCE

I went to see Gaunt. [*She looks her gratitude. Depreciatingly*] I promised.

PAULI

[*Deeply moved. She hesitates; then, to the picture*]: You said he'd forget, but you were wrong, my dear. [*She returns to the typewriter.*]

BRUCE

I've a *rotten* forgettery! [*Goes to her.*] Do you remember when I first came to Vienna?

PAULI

Yes.

BRUCE

A conversation? [*She doesn't answer.*] You said you loved Carl.

PAULI

I still love him.

BRUCE

But now he's gone.

PAULI

Oh, no, he isn't! . . . And *I* promised, too. "I shall be waiting . . . Even if you don't come back, I shall be waiting."

BRUCE

Carl said . . . once . . . "I can't ask her to wait so long."

PAULI

It isn't long!

BRUCE

"I won't have her in a dingy room."

PAULI

[*Feeling the room filled with him*]: It isn't dingy! . . . Carl said . . . to *me* once . . . "I shall be a great author, and always your lover." He is a great author, and he will always be my lover!

[*The identifying rap upon the door R.* PAULI *starts up.*]

BRUCE

Pauli! [*She stops.*] *I* can wait, too. When the time comes, I shall be waiting.

[*The rap is repeated.* PAULI *opens the door, and discloses* MIZZI.]

PAULI

Oh, Mizzi! Come in!

MIZZI

I'm not hooked.

PAULI

Come in and see Bruce.

[*She enters; looking older and more care-worn than in the preceding act, and not a bit more prosperous.*]

MIZZI

Bruce Gordon? [*She goes to him.*]

BRUCE

Mizzi! [*She bursts into tears.*]

PAULI

Mizzi!

MIZZI

What an idiot! And I've been preparing ever since your last letter!

PAULI

The play's sold for England!

MIZZI

[*Drying her eyes*]: That's splendid! [*To* BRUCE] We haven't seen it. Pauli asked us, but Fritz . . . [*She has narrowly escaped saying too much, and she changes the subject.*] Well . . . that is . . . Oh, Bruce, I owe you a grudge!

BRUCE

The drubbing I gave Fritz?

MIZZI

The drum you gave Kurt. When things were so bad, we locked it in a closet, but, at the first word from you, out it came! There are five children in there now!

PAULI

I heard them.

MIZZI

Forming a company. Kurt's the Captain, and . . . I must be going!

PAULI

He's all right!

MIZZI

Oh, yes! I told them they'd have to march straight out into the street! . . . It's not that. [*A short pause.*]

PAULI

Fritz?

MIZZI

[*Nods*]: They sent from the office.

BRUCE

Shall I go?

MIZZI

[*Shaking her head*]: I'm the only one who can do anything. I talk to him quietly, and we walk outdoors. [*She offers a shoulder to be hooked, and* PAULI *obliges.*] Will you keep an eye on Kurt?

PAULI

Of course!

MIZZI

I asked him to come in before dark, but they're playing war with France. They've told him at school that we must get back Alsace-Lorraine. [*The bell rings.*]

PAULI

Who can that be?

[*She opens the door, admitting* FRITZ WINCKELMAN. *At least, that is the name of the man she admits. Everything else is changed . . . the boy of Act I; the exuberant roysterer of Act II. Here is a man haggard, gray-haired, now . . . and almost constantly . . . under the influence of something, but not exuberant; merely nerve-racked, and sullen, and dangerous. His calm is superficial and temporary. Beneath, sudden violence crouches.*]

Fritz!

MIZZI

What is it?

FRITZ

I've lost my job.

PAULI

Oh!

FRITZ

Funny, isn't it? I helped make the war, and I helped fight it, and now . . . [*He sees* BRUCE. *Excited*]: Who's that?

MIZZI

Bruce Gordon.

PAULI

He came this morning.

BRUCE

[*Advancing, with outstretched hand*]: No ill-will?

FRITZ

Ill-will? Why?

BRUCE

I'm English.

FRITZ

[*Taking his hand*]: It isn't the English who are our enemy.

MIZZI

[*Taking his arm*]: Fritz, dear, can you tell us . . . quietly . . . what happened?

FRITZ

Oh, very quietly. They never wanted us . . . the men who'd been away . . . but they gave us little jobs . . . and yesterday I slipped up on a story. [*Excitement creeps into his voice.*] And today . . . the boss sent for me. He's made money . . . the boss . . . with all the exciting things to be printed . . . and he said: "Winckelman . . . !"

MIZZI

Quiet, my darling.

FRITZ

"Winckelman," he said, "you fellows are no good!"

PAULI

No!

FRITZ

"We were great," I said, "while there was fighting to be done." . . . "Yes," he answered, "but now the war's over. You can't live forever on being a hero. What I need is live men . . . and I can get 'em cheap! Boys whose fathers have got money!"

MIZZI

Fritz!

FRITZ

"Where did they get it?" said I. "Who cares?" said he. "The important thing is they've got it!" . . . "To *you!*" I said . . . "To everybody! Sen-

timent's fine, but business is business, and gold coin buys more than medals!"

PAULI

The blackguard!

BRUCE

[*At the same time*]: The scoundrel!

FRITZ

That's what I said! "You swine!" I said. "Me?" said he. "The world!" said he. "When it comes to honor, stand on the street and watch who gets it . . . the cripple on his wheeled platform, or the profiteer in his car!"

MIZZI

That's not true!

BRUCE

It's . . . *beastly!*

PAULI

There's only contempt for the men who made money that way!

FRITZ

"Watch and see!" he said. "Watch and see!"

[JAN *comes into the dining-room, with a tray and a great rattle of cups and saucers.*]

MIZZI

[*Embracing her husband's arm*]: Anyhow . . .

PAULI

We're going to have coffee! *Five,* Jan! I don't know what's happened to father! Come, Bruce! Mizzi! Fritz . . . a cup of coffee'll do you good!

FRITZ

[*Eagerly*]: Oh, yes! [*He hurries in . . . farther than the others.* PAULI *is in the archway, when the door R. opens and admits the* PROFESSOR. *He is loaded with bundles.*]

PAULI

And here's father! [*Coming down.*] What *have* you got? [*Enter* BEHREND. *He wears a light overcoat with a broad mourning band on the sleeve.*]

PROFESSOR

[*Trying hard to be gracious*]: I met August.

BEHREND

[*Crossing to* PAULI]: And I asked myself to your party!

PAULI

[*Partly to evade his gesture of affection. To* JAN]: ***Six*** cups!

BEHREND

I was getting out of my car at a wine shop, and I've brought a bottle of Karlowitzer! [*He indicates it in the arms of the* PROFESSOR.] Today you drink my health! We've something to celebrate! Something I've done myself!

PAULI

[*Without intentional irony*]: No?

PROFESSOR

What?

BEHREND

I waited to tell you together! [*He throws back his overcoat.*] Look!

PAULI

I don't see . . .

BEHREND

[*Pointing*]: My decoration! . . . Two hours ago! In the presence of all my workmen! The highest honor . . . for services . . . *in the war!!*

[*There is a dumbfounded pause. Then, to make conversation*:]

PROFESSOR

Really . . .

[*He is interrupted by a shrill, sustained, maniacal laugh. Fritz . . . from whom the laugh comes . . . is standing in the doorway.*]

BEHREND

[*Startled*]: Who's that?

MIZZI

[*Going to him*]: Fritz!

BRUCE

[*Going to him*]: See here, old man . . .

FRITZ

I see! [*And he comes down to* BEHREND, *staring at the decoration.*]

BEHREND

What's wrong?

FRITZ

Nothing's wrong. I've lost my job. Will you give me another?

MIZZI

Mr. Behrend doesn't . . .

BEHREND

I don't employ people.

FRITZ

You spoke of your workmen!

BEHREND

You're not fit . . .

FRITZ

I was fit to pull your chestnuts out of the fire!

BEHREND

You're crazy!

FRITZ

And you're rich! . . . Do I get a job?

BEHREND

No!

FRITZ

I'm fired, and you're decorated! [*His right hand in his pocket suddenly is pointed at* BEHREND.] Not much!

BEHREND

He's got a pistol!

BRUCE

[*At the same time*]: Steady!

MIZZI

[*At the same time*]: No! Fritz!

FRITZ

[*To all of them; squaring himself*]: Keep off!

BEHREND

You'd . . . murder me?

FRITZ

Why not? You taught me the trade! Every day I killed men! Every night I kill them again! You got the profit, and I want to be paid! [BRUCE *has stolen up beside* FRITZ.]

BEHREND

Grab him! [BRUCE *seizes his arm, and pulls out his hand . . . clutched upon a crust of bread.*]

FRITZ

[*Beginning to laugh*]: Nothing but a crust! I've given you one moment of what we faced for years, and

you've given me the laugh of my life! [*Laughs.*] "Watch and see!" I see . . . you and your decoration! [*Laughs.*] If I could tell the hungry women!

MIZZI

Come, Fritz!

FRITZ

The homeless people in the ruined villages!

MIZZI

[*Getting him nearer the door*]: Come, my dear!

FRITZ

People who don't know yet what it was all about!

MIZZI

Come!

FRITZ

If I could tell the dead! [*Shrieks with laughter.*]

BRUCE

I'll go with you!

MIZZI

It's all right. Come, Fritz! He's been like this before! It'll wear off outdoors! [FRITZ'S *laughter begins to die out.*]

PROFESSOR

I'll go!

MIZZI

[*At the door*]: It's all right! Keep an eye on Kurt! Come, Fritz! We've got each other! Noth-

ing else matters! [*He begins to sob.*] Come, my dear one! [*They exeunt R.*]

BEHREND

[*Outraged*]: Well . . . *really* . . .

PAULI

[*Closing the door*]: Poor Fritz!

BEHREND

[*Fondling it*]: My decoration! It cost me something . . . I can tell you!

BRUCE

It cost *him* something!

BEHREND

But to blame me! ! However, of course, he's not responsible! I—I give him money!

PAULI

That's kind of you!

PROFESSOR

[*Transferring the cakes to a plate*]: And now . . . coffee! [PAULI *pantomimes to* JAN.]

BEHREND

[*Sitting*]: I couldn't eat a mouthful!

PROFESSOR

[*Offering the cakes*]: They're very nice!

BEHREND

Well . . . just *one!* [*He takes three.*] I'm unnerved. Open the wine. [BRUCE *gives the bottle to* JAN.] What do you think they ask for a dozen Karlowitzer? Two million crowns! *Two million!* And our taxes! Outrageous! Life grows very hard! *I* blame the Kaiser!

PROFESSOR

Who is quite comfortable in Holland.

BEHREND

Germany is our natural enemy! And France . . . with her ambition to rule the World! Our natural allies are England and America! . . . Unless England *fights* America!

BRUCE

[*Shakes his head*]: The same race!

BEHREND

Race counts for nothing! The important thing is trade interests! And look at the advantage taken by the Americans!

BRUCE

That's true!

BEHREND

A money-grubbing people who grow rich on our sufferings! England and Austria together could whip the World!

BRUCE

I heard a music hall song about America last week in London. However . . .

PROFESSOR

[*Satirically*]: There is already talk of reducing armaments! . . . And the peace conference . . .

BEHREND

War always begins with the peace conferences!

BRUCE

The treaty was signed yesterday!

BEHREND

A treaty with conflict in every clause! And you prattle of non-resistance!

PROFESSOR

I don't!

BEHREND

What!

PROFESSOR

I believe in fighting to the last ditch when you're attacked! I believe in being prepared while there is any possibility of war! But I believe in destroying that possibility!

BEHREND

Through Leagues and World Courts?

PROFESSOR

Through education! Peace is not in parchments, but in the heart and brain! We must refute the teachings of centuries . . . that rage and murder are brave and glorious! We must show that brag is as contemptible in nations as in men, and learn to be ashamed of a dishonest fatherland as we are of a dishonest father!

BEHREND

There will always be war!! [PAULI *starts to speak.*] And the men who fight will be our best and bravest!

PROFESSOR

That's what makes it so terrible!

BEHREND

We must have great armies!

PROFESSOR

The one and only thing accomplished by this struggle is that the nation with the greatest army was beaten!

BEHREND

[*Again outraged*]: The one and only . . .

PROFESSOR

What else? Yesterday, the peace treaty! Five years ago yesterday a school-boy shot our Archduke!

Because of that the whole world has poured forth blood and treasure!

BEHREND

We didn't fight for the Archduke!

PROFESSOR

What *did* we fight for?

BEHREND

For ideals! For culture!

PROFESSOR

For culture!! Ten million lives! Two hundred billion dollars! For that sum the *world* could have been cured and taught! What might not have been done for art, science, humanity? Instead, we have achieved ruin, riot, revolution, famine, anarchy, and hatred! A war for power has left exhaustion! A war for democracy has established ignorance and vulgarity! Dethroned kings, and set up a populace even less wise and more violent! A war to end war, and already we prepare to fight again! For what? In a single century, England alone has fought eighty wars! No one remembers what they were about, and no one can say what they have accomplished!

[PAULI *shows* BEHREND *the* Karlowitzer.]

BEHREND

Just a drop! [*He fills his glass.*]

PROFESSOR

Five years ago I asked you all the cause of the war. Do you know now?

BRUCE

I don't!

BEHREND

[*Outraged a third time*]: And you a soldier! You fought . . .

BRUCE

Four years, and I don't know what for!

PROFESSOR

Shall I tell you? England would not see her supremacy threatened! That's Arrogance! [BRUCE, *puzzled more than resentful, starts to speak.*] Every nation . . . except America . . . wanted trade and territory. That's Greed! Many of us had taken it. Robbery! We were tied up in secret engagements. Intrigue! We supported enormous armies . . . whose existence was an incitement . . . who wasted our substance and lowered our productivity . . . officered by thousands with whom fighting was a life profession, and their only chance of advancement!

PAULI

[*Catching his spirit*]: Selfish ambition!

PROFESSOR

Other races prospered. Envy! And we were the greatest. Vanity! And, above all, ignorance . . .

vast, universal ignorance . . . and atavistic barbarism . . . and the tribe instinct . . . all so easily fanned into fury . . . suspicion . . . distrust . . . hatred . . . and the lust to kill!

BRUCE

[*Appalled*]: God!

PROFESSOR

Arrogance . . . Jealousy . . . Greed . . . Vanity . . . not such pretty phrases as "Ideals" and "Honor," but the real reason for cheering and blood-thirsty crowds in London, and Paris, and Berlin . . . for widowed women and starved children . . . for world-wide chaos, bankruptcy, and desolation!

BEHREND

[*Rising, and still undefeated*]: You think there should be no nations? !

PROFESSOR

I think there should be no aliens!

BEHREND

Even then, we should go on fighting one another! There would still be individual hatreds, class hatreds, religious hatreds, racial and industrial! It is the law of life! [*From across the courtyard, through the open window, the sound of children's voices, giving military commands.* PAULI *turns sharply.*]

PROFESSOR

The law of the jungle!

BEHREND

There will always be war! [*He returns to the table and refills his glass. While he is doing so, a boy's voice, off stage, cries: "Fall in! Attention!"* PAULI *rises, and goes to the window.*] Next time . . . [*He raises his glass. The boy's voice continues: "Right dress!"*] . . . God give us victory! [*He drinks.*] I must be going! [*Crosses to* PAULI.] You need nothing?

PROFESSOR

No, thank you.

PAULI

[*Her mind still with the children, whose voices continue to be heard*]: Carl's play has been sold for England!

BEHREND

My boy! A great author! I always said so! I always said I should be proud of my son! [*He starts off.*] Well . . .

PAULI

[*Reminding and checking him*]: The people across the hall.

BEHREND

[*Producing a roll of bills*]: Our best and bravest! [*His satisfaction in a well-made phrase disposes him to*

generosity.] Give them . . . [*He considers, and peels off two notes.*] . . . *two million crowns!* [*He hands them to the* PROFESSOR.] Goodbye, Pauli! [*Her lips frame the word "Mister"; he pinches her cheek, and reminds her.*] Call me father! [*Released, she turns back to the window.*] Goodbye, Gordon! Next time, you and I will be fighting shoulder to shoulder! [*As he passes the* PROFESSOR, *who has opened the door R.*]: Goodbye, Arndt!

PROFESSOR

August! [*Following him into the hall.*] If you could find work for the boy . . . [PAULI, *tense, agitated, her hands clutching the desk, is staring out of the window.*]

BRUCE

What is it?

PAULI

The children playing soldier. It upsets me. Aren't I foolish?

BRUCE

No; only nervous.

PAULI

Sometimes the whole thing seems ages ago, and then . . . a conversation like the one you just heard. Mr. Behrend. "There will always be war!" Will there?

BRUCE

If we think so.

PAULI

World-wide chaos, and there, across the courtyard, the next generation drilling . . . marching . . . marching! [*Having finished with* BEHREND, *the* PROFESSOR *re-enters. He is struck instantly by the words; they recall a previous hysteria of* PAULI'S.] Will nothing stop it? Shall we never learn? Must we go on, to the end of time, with bands and banners flying, marching, marching, over our heaped-up dead, into new futility, new agony, horror, and destruction? God . . . ! [*Off stage, the boy's voice cries, "Forward march!" and again we hear the eternal tread.*]

BRUCE

The tramping feet!

PAULI

Close that window! I want to shut it out! [*A child's bugle blows assembly.* BRUCE *closes the window.*]

PROFESSOR

[*In terror of the bugle's effect*]: Pauli!

PAULI

[*Rushing into his arms*]: Father!

PROFESSOR

Carl's Pauli cried defiance into the new day.

PAULI

Will there be a new day?

PROFESSOR

[*He nods, and draws her head to him, soothing her, petting her, reassuring her as she soothed, petted and reassured* CARL]: Time isn't measured by our little lives. We are still children. Some day we shall grow up. Some day there will be an end of race and creed, and hate and prejudice. [*From across the courtyard comes the roll of drums.*]

PAULI

Meanwhile . . . ?

PROFESSOR

Over ourselves . . . over our blind instincts and stupid passions . . .

BRUCE

[*Recalling* BEHREND'S *orders to the Deity, and consciously quoting*]: . . . God give us Victory!

PAULI

[*In a ringing voice*]: God give us peace! [*The drums swell, but* PAULI . . . *exalted, prophetic . . . only lifts her head higher . . . looking past tomorrow into a new day. The curtain falls.*]

THE END OF THE PLAY

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